

PATERNAL INSTRUCTION



J. Stothard del.

P. Lindinet sculp.

*Delightful task: to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.*

Published Oct. 1. 1798, by J. Stockdale, Piccadilly.

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~~Florentia~~

THE

~~Kyrie~~

FAMILY BOOK ;

OR,

CHILDREN'S JOURNAL.

CONSISTING OF

Moral and Entertaining Stories,

With instructive Conversation on those Subjects which daily
occur in Nature and Society.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. BERQUIN. (A.)

INTERSPERSED WITH POETICAL PIECES,

Written by the Translator,

MISS STOCKDALE,

Author of the EFFUSIONS OF THE HEART, *Poems*.

Paulina. Ah! Mama, pray help me to reflect.

Mrs. Vernon. It is the principal Object of all our Discourse.

Second Edition.

WITH A FRONTISPIECE.

London:

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1799.

FAMILY BOOK

CHILDREN'S BOOK

THE BRITISH MUSEUM



W. B. CHAMBERLAIN

1870

TO
MY MOTHER.

MY Translation finished, to whom can
I present it with so much propriety,
as to the best of Mothers; to her from
whose lips instruction comes sweetened by
the tenderest affection; to her who gave
me birth—whose milk nourished, whose
hand upheld, and whose maternal eye
watched over me through the years of
helpless infancy; to her who marked the first

dawn of my reason, early instilled into my heart, and taught me to love the principles of Religion and Virtue; to whom, under Heaven, I am indebted for every mental good I may possess; who with gentle sway guided, and still guides, the erring steps of my youth through life's slippery path, in this vale of danger; and who taught me to look for happiness, where alone it is to be found, far above this visionary world, in the eternal Mansion of Peace.

Accept, most revered of Parents, this tribute of affection, this testimony of what I owe you; and with it receive the fondest wishes

DEDICATION.

Y

wishes filial gratitude can inspire for your present and eternal felicity, in the heart of her, who will henceforth endeavour to approve herself not unworthy of the care she has received, and who rejoices in subscribing herself, with the warmest sentiments of duty,

Your eternally obliged,

And affectionate child,

MARY R. STOCKDALE.

Piccadilly, 22d October, 1798.

ADVERTISEMENT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the deservedly allowed celebrity of the Author of this Work, to whom the rising generation is greatly indebted, the Translator must have deemed herself highly culpable, had she permitted it to pass through her hands in its original state: She has, therefore, taken the liberty of altering different parts, for reasons very obvious to the French Reader; and which, she is well assured, must meet the general approbation of Parents, and others, who have the care of Children.

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THE
CHILDREN'S JOURNAL.

OBEDIENCE.

MRS. VERNON *and* PAULINA *her Daughter.*

Paulina.

MAMA, why must children obey grown people?

Mrs. Vernon. It is because children do not know what can do them good or harm; and some sad accident would every instant befall them, if the grown people who surround them were not constantly occupied in preserving them from it. Do not you remember what happened the other day to poor Alexander, because he would play with the wax candle?

Paulina. Yes, mama, I recollect it very well.

Mrs. Vernon. The small flame appeared so pretty to him that he would touch it; in vain I told him that it would hurt him; Alexander was not obedient, and what was the consequence?

B

Paulina.

Paulina. He put his hand in the flame and burnt himself. Poor Alexander! I think I still hear him cry.

Mrs. Vernon. Would it not have been better for him if he had done as I told him?

Paulina. O without doubt, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. See, then, why children ought to obey grown people. They may be very sure when they are refused any thing, the reason is, we know that it may hurt them.

Paulina. And how can grown people know it?

Mrs. Vernon. Because when they were little they learned it of their papa, mama, or nurse; they call to mind that when they would not believe, they had cause to repent it.

Paulina. O that is right, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. Would you have me yet tell you, why you ought to obey older persons than yourself?

Paulina. Yes, mama; you would do me a kindness.

Mrs. Vernon. Tell me, could you prepare for yourself either dinner or supper?

Paulina. No, mama; I am not a sufficiently good cook.

Mrs. Vernon. And would you know how to make your clothes?

Paulina.

Paulina. How could I do it? I do not yet know how to use my needle.

Mrs. Vernon. But now your clothes are made, would you know how to dress yourself quite alone?

Paulina. O no, truly; I should be very much puzzled without Nancy's help.

Mrs. Vernon. And when you go for a walk, is it necessary that I should give you my hand to hinder any accident from happening to you?

Paulina. O yes! for otherwise the coaches would soon run over me.

Mrs. Vernon. You see, then, for how many things you are in want of grown people.

Paulina. That is true.

Mrs. Vernon. But as for you, can you do any thing for them? Could you, for example, iron the linen for Nancy, who daily takes the trouble of dressing and undressing you? Could you pick the garden-stuff for the cook who dresses your victuals? Have you money to give to the frock-maker who makes your frocks? Can you render the least service to your papa, who gives that money for you? In a word, would you be able to take care of me in my illness, as I take care of you in your's?

Paulina. No, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. You see, then, how many things

your papa, mama, Nancy, the frock-maker, in a word, all grown people can do for you ; you see at the same time that you can do nothing in return for them.

Paulina. That is true, mama ; I am too little yet.

Mrs. Vernon. There is, however, one thing that you can do for us.

Paulina. And what is that, pray ?

Mrs. Vernon. It is by being gentle and obedient, you can lessen the trouble that we take in watching continually over you : for example, when Nancy tells you not to touch the candle, and notwithstanding that you are obstinate in taking it, Nancy must leave her work to take the candle out of your hand, that you may not set the house on fire. When she tells you not to tease your little brother, and you continue to pull him about, she must again leave her work, to take your little brother from you, that you may not make him cry. When she tells you not to go down the stairs so fast, and you only go the more heedlessly for it, she must again a third time quit her work to take you by the hand, to hinder you from breaking your head in falling from the top to the bottom, which would but for that be the case. Is not all this very tiresome to Nancy ?

Paulina.

Paulina. Yes, mama, so she scolds me well.

Mrs. Vernon. She must do it; and if you were to refuse much longer to obey her, she would at last be obliged to say to you, "Hearken, my child, since you will not be quiet, as by it you hinder me from doing my work, you will have the goodness to do all the things yourself of which you are in want. When you come to beg me to put you to bed, I shall not be able to do it, because I shall have my work to finish." It is thus that Nancy would speak; what would you do then? Do you know how to undress yourself?

Paulina. No, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. You see, then, if children can do nothing without the assistance of grown people, they ought always to be disposed to do as they bid them, to spare them trouble, otherwise they deserve to be left to themselves, as they wish us; to escape this unpleasant task.

Paulina. That appears to me very just.

Mrs. Vernon. That is not all, there is still another thing to consider.

Paulina. What is that, mama?

Mrs. Vernon. Are not grown people stronger than children? Nancy, for example, has not she more strength than you?

Paulina. Yes, certainly.

Mrs. Vernon. Through this it is that grown people have it in their power to give assistance to children; but for the same reason they have it also in their power to make children to do what they bid them. When Nancy calls you, and you do not go to her, what does she do?

Paulina. She comes and takes me by the arm.

Mrs. Vernon. And when she takes hold of you, can you hinder her from dragging you along?

Paulina. No, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. Would it not be better then to obey willingly, than to make yourself be dragged by force, and to be grumbled at besides? Of what use is your obstinacy? In vain is your crying and stamping; all you can do is unavailing: it appears to me that it would be much better to spare yourself the vexation and shame.

Paulina. O mama! that would be much more sensible: and little as I am, I hope that I shall soon be a grown person in sense.

JUSTICE.

PART THE FIRST.

THE FIRST DAY.

MR. PALMER, CHARLES, AUGUSTUS, and
PAULIN, *his Children.*

Mr. Palmer. Charles, Augustus, Paulin, come,
my dear children, come.

Charles, (advancing with the others.) What
would you have with us, papa?

Mr. Palmer. You will be delighted to learn
what, I can assure you. I shall begin with the
biggest. Here, Charles, is a horse which I give
you; it is your own: Do you understand? That
is to say, that you alone from henceforth may
do with it what you like.

Charles. O papa! I thank you. We shall
make many an excursion together.

Mr. Palmer. Augustus now it is your turn, look
here is a wheel-barrow, it is for nobody but you;
you only shall have the right of using it.

Augustus. Many thanks, papa, it shall not stay
long in the coach-house, it shall carry all that
comes in my garden.

Mr. Palmer. Very well; and as to you Paulin, come here, my little friend, see here is a coach, and you only are the master of it.

Paulin. O papa! how pretty it is. I thank you with all my heart. I run to try it.

Mr. Palmer. Stay, stay, my dear children. I have yet something of consequence to say to you. If you would make yourselves beloved by one another, it will be necessary sometimes to lend your playthings in turns; for good brothers ought to be always ready to oblige each other; in that manner your amusements will have more variety, and your hearts be more joyous; is it not true Charles? it is you I ask.

Charles. I am of your mind, papa.

Mr. Palmer. Do you know why I put this question to you?

Charles. O, I question if I cannot nearly guess.

Mr. Palmer. Let us hear what you think, I should like to know.

Charles. It is because you were in the garden yesterday, when I was playing with Augustus, he begged me to lend him my whip, I would not do it, my refusal put him in an ill-humour, and our party was broken up.

Mr. Palmer. I am very glad that you remember it. You see what never fails to happen,

pen, when children are not obliging among themselves; it is for that reason that you should always be mutually disposed to lend your play-things; but you ought never to take them from one another. As to you, Charles, you have not any right to Augustus' wheel-barrow, nor to Paulin's coach; therefore you ought not to take them, without having first asked your brothers if they would like to lend them; if they lend them to you, it is very well, you can use them till they want them; but then you ought to return them with a good grace, since they are the masters of them. Do you comprehend, my dear son?

Charles. Yes, papa.

Mr. Palmer. And you also, Augustus, you ought not to take either Paulin's coach, or Charles's horse, if they do not like to lend them; each one is master of his own.

Augustus. Yes, papa, that is just.

Mr. Palmer. Lastly, you Paulin, have no more right to touch your brothers' play-things, without their permission, than they can have to touch your's; none of you have any right, except over what I have given him for himself. Now, you have received proper instructions, go and play under the trees, and mind you agree well.

All together. Yes, yes, yes, papa.

JUSTICE.

PART THE SECOND.

THE SECOND DAY.

Mr. Palmer. Well, my children, you were yesterday so very agreeable together, why is it not the same to-day?

Charles. Papa, it is not my fault, Augustus has taken my horse, and he will not return it to me.

Mr. Palmer. And did he ask you for it?

Charles. No, papa.

Mr. Palmer. Well, Augustus, why have you taken your brother's horse? have I not told you yesterday, that you ought not to touch it without his permission.

Augustus. It is very true, papa, but I had nothing to play with; Paulin had taken my wheelbarrow. I found Charles's horse doing nothing, and I thought I might use it, as long as Charles was running after the butterflies.

Mr. Palmer. No matter, you had no right to the horse, although your brother was not using it at that moment; and you, Paulin, why have you
you

you taken your brother's wheel-barrow, without knowing first whether he would lend it?

Paulin. Papa, the reason is, whilst I was gone to the door for a moment, Augustus had been drawing my coach; he had not asked my leave to do it, so I took my revenge on his wheel-barrow in making it run.

Mr. Palmer. It seems to me, Augustus, that you deserved it; but you, Paulin, pay attention to this another time; if even one of your brothers should take any thing of your's, you ought not because of that to take what belongs to him, otherwise there would be quarrels without end; you ought rather to beg him to return you your own, and if he will not do it, tell him, you will come to inform me of it; if he still refuses, you will have nothing to do but to come to me, and I shall go to your assistance. Come, return me all your toys, that I may do justice.

Charles. What is doing justice, papa?

Mr. Palmer. It is to render to each what belongs to him, and to punish those who have merited it. Here Charles, here is your horse; Augustus, there is your wheel-barrow; see there is your coach, Paulin, that each may again take what is his; but since Augustus has been the cause of all these quarrels, since he was the first to take Paulin's coach, while Paulin

was gone to the door, and Charles's horse, while Charles ran after the butterflies, I will have him pass the rest of the day without playing with his wheel-barrow, it shall remain in this corner.

Augustus. But, papa——

Mr. Palmer. My little friend, judgment is pronounced, you must feel within yourself that it is just; and you know you must obey my orders without murmuring.

Augustus. Very well, papa, I submit to it.

Mr. Palmer. It is your first duty; as for you, Paulin, remember from henceforth that you ought not to take any thing from another, under the excuse of his having taken something from you; that is called doing justice yourself, and that right does not belong to children, it belongs only to their father; if children pretend to do justice themselves, they would spend the day in taking and retaking their toys, then in quarrelling among themselves, and perhaps even in beating one another, this would be dreadful among brothers; who ought always to love each other. Remember, for the time to come, that it is I who have the right to settle your differences, and endeavour on the whole to agree so well together, that I may not continually be importuned with them.

JUSTICE.

JUSTICE.

PART THE THIRD.

THE THIRD DAY.

Mr. Palmer. What sort of behaviour, my children, is this? And what have you to dispute about?

Augustus. Papa, Charles has taken my ball, and pushed it into a hole.

Mr. Palmer. Go, Charles, you must get the ball out, since you pushed it in, you know it belongs to Augustus; and it is but just that each should have his own.

Charles. So I would willingly, papa, but it is not my fault if the hole is so deep, it is not possible to reach the ball even with the tongs.

Mr. Palmer. All that's nothing to Augustus, he must not be the loser because you have thrown his ball into a hole; it is you who have lost it, and it is you who must restore it; and if that is not in your power, you must make your brother amends for his loss, by giving him another ball as good as his own; at any rate, he ought either to have what belongs to him, or something

thing of the same value. You know what justice is—Have you a good ball?

Charles. Yes, papa, here it is.

Mr. Palmer. Augustus, see if that is as good as your own.

Augustus. Yes, papa, equally so.

Mr. Palmer. Very well, it is your's, to replace that which your brother has lost. Charles, you justly owed it him, since you have deprived him of his own; he ought not to suffer through your fault. If you had done this of your own accord, then I should have said you were a just child, who knew how to restore to others their right, without giving his father the trouble of forcing him to do it: for when children will not be just themselves, is it not necessary that their father should make them so?

Charles. I grant you it is, papa.

Mr. Palmer. Why have not you made that reflection before? But it is possible that you may not yet have made it. Disguise nothing from me. Did not a voice arise in your heart, which told you that you ought to give your ball to Augustus, since you had been the cause of his losing his own?

Charles. Papa, I have already felt it was just.

Mr. Palmer. Well, my boy, why have not you yielded to so honest an impulse? You would

would have been much better satisfied with yourself than you are now. Yes, my dear child, let this serve for a lesson another time; never resist this first cry of your heart, even when it speaks against yourself. It is by following these noble impulses, whatever sacrifice it may cost us, that we acquire the use and the love of justice, the most necessary virtue among men.

FAITHFULNESS TO OUR WORD.

THE FOURTH DAY.

Mr. Palmer. Come, my children, I am going to take a walk: who are the two among you whose turn it is to accompany me?

Charles and Augustus. It is our turn, papa; it is our turn.

Mr. Palmer. Are you three agreed between yourselves?

Charles. Paulin knows very well that I staid at home yesterday.

Augustus. And me the day before yesterday.

Mr. Palmer. Thus then it is his turn to stay at home to-day.

Paulin. Yes, papa, that is true; but my dear
Augustus,

Augustus, will not you stay at home in my place? I long very much for a walk to-day. Hold, if you will resign your turn, I will give you that pretty peg-top which I lent my cousin yesterday to play with along with you.

Augustus. Well and good, I shall stay in your place. Where is the peg-top?

Paulin. My cousin has not yet returned it to me; he must bring it back this evening, and I promise you that I will give it you that instant.

Augustus. O, that is quite another affair.—Give me the top this moment, or I keep my turn of going out.

Paulin. O pray, my dear Augustus! I assure you I will give it you as soon as my cousin comes.

Augustus. That is not my agreement (*he holds out his hand*), I have already told you;—the peg-top, or I go out.

Paulin. I have not got it at present, therefore how can I give it?

Augustus. In that case nothing is to be done; you must stay.

Mr. Palmer. But, Augustus, since your brother promises you his peg-top, is not that the same as if he had actually given it; it will be entirely your own this evening.

Augustus. That is not so certain as you think,
papa.

papa. He promised me yesterday his nicest apple for a pretty flower, which I gave him ; and when I asked him for the apple, he told me he had just eat it.

Paulin. Very well. Do you think I shall eat the peg-top ?

Augustus. No ; but you will keep it, and I shall have staid at home for nothing.

Mr. Palmer. If this be the case, Paulin, Augustus is not to blame. As long as you are not faithful to your word, your promises are of no use ; so you must not be surprized if he refuses to trust you. Can you instantly give the peg-top to your brother ?

Paulin. No, papa ; my cousin has got it to keep all day.

Mr. Palmer. I am sorry for it ; but I cannot do any thing for you. You must stay at home. This lesson will not be useless, since it will teach you to keep your word.

Paulin. But, papa —————

Mr. Palmer. You have nothing more to say. It is I who have one thing more to talk to you about. Since you did not yesterday give the apple to your brother, which you promised him, it will be necessary to give it him to-day. You well know that a father ought to exercise justice

tice among his children, if they will not be just among themselves. Every time that you have promised something of your's, either apple or peg-top, no matter which, that thing no longer belongs to you, it belongs to the person to whom you promised it; because, in virtue of your promise, you give the person that right which you had. If the peg-top were in your hands this moment, you would give it to Augustus—is not that true? And, from this moment, would it not be his property?

Paulin. Yes, papa.

Mr. Palmer. But since you have not got it at present, and for that reason cannot deliver it up, you promise your brother to give it to him the instant you get it, you beg him to look upon it as if it were already in his possession, and to do the same for you as if he had received it; since, on your promise alone, you would have him actually resign his turn of going out.

Paulin. Yes, papa, that is indeed our agreement.

Mr. Palmer. It would be necessary then that your brother should regard your promise like the thing itself; and that cannot be, unless he could be certain of what you had promised him. But let me ask yourself if he can count on your giving

giving him the peg-top to-day, while he remembers your refusing to give him your apple yesterday?

Paulin. Yes; but, papa, I promise now that I will keep my word.

Mr. Palmer. And how would you have him divine whether you will actually keep it or not? He who is known to break his word, is like him who is known to tell lies: nobody believes a liar when he speaks the truth; because no one can ever distinguish his telling it at the moment, and nobody confides in the promise of him who is accustomed to break his word, even when he be resolved to keep it that time; because no one has any probable evidence for being satisfied of the sincerity of the resolution. Now, is it not a shame for a well-bred boy, like you, Paulin, that one can put no more faith in your words than in those of a declared liar.

Paulin. O, papa, you make me feel my fault very sensibly.

Mr. Palmer. I am pleased at your feeling it, that you may be preserved from it in future, when you have acquired the character of being faithful to your engagements, then we shall do for your promise alone what we would do for the thing itself, and I shall think myself honoured by being your father; but if you continue to
make

make a jest of your word, no one will any more confide even in your solemn protestations, and as for me I shall blush to reckon you in the number of my children.

Paulin. O papa, what a misfortune do you threaten me with!

Mr. Palmer. It rests with you only to prevent it.

Paulin. Yes, it is done, papa: my first promise is to correct myself; and in keeping this, I will shew you how faithful I shall be from henceforth in keeping all others.

THE USEFUL BEFORE THE AGREEABLE.

MRS. VERNON, and HENRIETTA, *her eldest Daughter.*

Mrs. Vernon. Well, Henrietta, are you satisfied with the walk you have had to the fair, with your cousin and nurse?

Henrietta. Yes, mama, we have had a great deal of pleasure, we have seen very brilliant booths, and some very pretty illuminations; I should never be able to tell you how many fine dolls there were; my cousin Lucy could not
look

look at them enough, she jumped with joy at every step.

Mrs. Vernon. You have undoubtedly made some fine purchases? Your papa had given you money for having learned your lessons so well. Let us see what it is you have got?

Henrietta. Mama, I have brought only a little bergamot sweet-meat box for my sister.

Mrs. Vernon. You liked better then to keep your money, than to spend it; your papa, however, had not given it but to be used.

Henrietta. So I have used it, my dear mama; I have none of it left.

Mrs. Vernon. What have you done with it then?

Henrietta. I am going to tell you all that: my cousin and me were occupied in looking at a pretty stall; there was a poor woman very near us, she had a little boy on one of her arms, and she held a little girl by the hand. O my dear mama, they were both so pretty! The little boy leaned forward, and stretched out his little hands to reach the play-things which he saw, and cried, because he could not get at them.

I then advanced towards his mother, and said to her, "Well, my good woman, do not you mean to buy any thing for your children, here are so many things, which they would like;
and

and it appears to me, they have a great desire for them?"

"Ah, my dear little lady," she replied, "how should I buy play-things for my children? I should be very well content with always having bread to give them. I am not come here to make them presents; it is my poor Louisa who has pressed me so much to lead her to the fair, that I was no longer able to refuse her. I thought the sight would not cost any thing, and to procure them that pleasure was the least I could do, since I am not in a state to procure them others. I must work all day to give them now and then a morsel of bread with a little milk, or some poor broth at noon, and the same in the evening."

"I am very sorry for it," said I to the good woman; "but will you permit us to buy them something? Hold, there is a doll that I can give to your girl."

"And me," said Lucy, "I can give a coach, or a drum, to the little boy."

The poor children jumped for joy; but their mother answered us, "Ah my kind misses, that is too fine for them; but since you wish to be of service to them, see winter is coming on, and my little boy has no cloathing for his legs: I am obliged to cover them with my apron."

apron. As to poor Louisa, she has nothing but that bedgown, which is ready to fall in tatters."

"O, if she has only that," I replied, "let us do something for them." I then addressed myself to the master of the stall, and asked him if he could not sell us some stockings and a bedgown?

He began to smile with an air of disdain, and answered, "No, miss, I do not sell rags; I would advise you to employ your money better."

"What shall be done then," said I to Nancy?

"O be not grieved about it," she replied, "I know a booth where we shall find all we want."

"Come, Nancy, come," cried Lucy.

And as to me, I said to the toy-man, "Sir, if any thing should remain, we shall buy sweetmeats and playthings, but they will not be your's, because you would have wished to have hindered us from doing good to these poor children."

We then ran to the booth where Nancy conducted us: there we bought two pair of stockings and a good bedgown, which we gave to the poor woman.

"That is not all," said I to her; "now have you bread for this evening?"

"O yes, my dear miss," she answered, "I have enough for to-day; but for to-morrow little do I know where to get it."

Come,

"Come, Nancy," I replied, "let us see if a baker lives near here. Hold, here is some money to go and buy some French rolls for the poor woman."

"O no, pray miss," replied she, "some rye bread, if you please; it is good enough for us, and we shall have more of it for the same money."

"I know what you want," said Nancy, "and I shall provide it."

After having recommended us to the care of the mistress of the booth where we were, she was soon off to the baker's, and was not long in returning with a great loaf under her arm. She gave it to the poor woman, who took it in her apron, and began crying. Ah, mama! my cousin Lucy and I cried also; and I scarcely know why, for we were so pleased.

However, the poor children looked always on that side where the first stall was, and they did not appear so well satisfied as their mother.

Lucy perceived it, and said to me, "I should be sorry if the poor little-ones have any thing to regret. I have still a little money left, and I will buy each of them a piece of gingerbread."

"And me," I added, "I will buy them each a little doll."

We went to another booth, where I began by purchasing this little sweetmeat box for my sister.

sister. We afterwards gave each of the little children their gingerbread and doll. O, you should have seen how joyful they appeared; it was a pleasure to look at them. The little girl almost eat up my hand with kisses; and the good woman withdrew, after having given us a thousand blessings.

Mrs. Vernon. I do not ask you if you were then glad yourself.

Henrietta. Ah, mama, we followed them a while with our eyes. If you had seen with what pleasure the children nibbled their gingerbread, and how they caressed their dolls, the little boy particularly, he danced with joy in his mother's arms. I was sorry for not having bought them a great quantity of gingerbread and playthings, instead of their stockings and bedgown, for they did not seem to mind them.

Mrs. Vernon. Happily their mother thought more prudently than them and you; for tell me, Henrietta, if you were very hungry, and I were to give you a chariot to go and draw in the great walk, instead of giving you something to eat, would you be satisfied?

Henrietta. No, indeed, mama, I should like a bit of bread better at the moment than the handsomest chariot.

Mrs. Vernon. I believe so; and if, during
C winter,

winter, you were obliged to stay in a room without fire, with no stockings for your legs, and without bedgown, and I were to give you instead of all that a fine doll to play with, would you not cry with the cold? And would you not give your doll for the smallest clothing that could warm you?

Henrietta. Yes, without doubt.

Mrs. Vernon. Very well; it would have been the same thing with those little unfortunates, when they had entered their huts, and been very hungry.

Henrietta. But, mama, they would have then been able to eat their gingerbread.

Mrs. Vernon. Yes, my child; but if they had not enough to appease their hunger, they would have been ill: that would certainly have caused you uneasiness.

Henrietta. O, yes; truly.

Mrs. Vernon. And all the additional toys which you could have given them, would they have guarded them against the cold during winter?

Henrietta. Alas! no; I grant it.

Mrs. Vernon. You see then their mother was much more considerate in asking for bread, a bedgown, and stockings. As to the rest, my dear child, I cannot avoid expressing how well
satisfied

satisfied I am with the use you have made of your money. I shall not fail to tell your father of it, who will assuredly, as well as me, love you the better for it.

Henrietta. O, so much the better, mama; it is what I most desire.

Mrs. Vernon. You have deprived yourself of what you had it in your power to buy for yourself, that you might relieve the unfortunate; and still are able to treat your sister with a little present. This is a happy fair-day for you.

THE AGED BEGGAR.

“ Christ bless you Lady—hear an old man’s prayer—

Full seventy years and nine this vale I’ve trod;
And now bow’d down with poverty and care,
I haste to yon abode of peace and God.

Within my frame scarce lives the vital spark,
These tottering limbs are heavy grown and cold;
Dim are these aged eyes become and dark,
And soon the grave my weary’d bones shall hold.

This oaken stick but ill supports my frame,
 My once dark locks are silver'd o'er by Time;
 And from the hand of Charity I claim
 My daily morsel, till I gain yon clime."

"God blefs you, too, my reverend aged friend!
 Here take my mite—had I a richer store,
 'This moment would I bid your sorrows end,
 And for you open smiling Plenty's door."

"Receive the blessings of a grateful heart—
 May Christ reward your charity! I pray;
 Befriend your youth—plenty and peace impart—
 Farewel, kind Lady! and God speed your
 way."

PROPERTY;
 OR, YOUR'S AND MINE.

PART THE FIRST.

MR. VERNON, ADRIAN, *his Son*, and a LITTLE
 GIRL.

Adrian. See, papa, those pretty flowers. I will
 go and gather some.

Mr. Vernon. No, if you please, Adrian; I
 advise you not to touch them.

Adrian.

Adrian. And why not pray, papa?

Mr. Vernon. Because those flowers are not your's; they belong to the gardener, who lives down yonder, in that little cottage.

Adrian. O, papa; only two or three.

Mr. Vernon. Not one. Do not you remember, my son, you came to complain the other day, that your sister had rooted up your lettuces, to sow mignonette in their place?

Adrian. Ah, papa, had not I good reason? I had taken so much pains to rear my lettuces.

Mr. Vernon. What had you done for that purpose?

Adrian. You know very well, for you saw me make my garden. It was a little corner of ground full of weeds and flints. I had passed three whole days in carrying away the roots and stones, and in clearing the place with my rake. I had dug at least a foot deep, put the manure into the earth, marked the furrows, and afterwards transplanted the lettuces there, which I watered night and morning. You know with what care I rooted up the growing weeds, and when my lettuces grew bigger, and I hoped that I should soon be able to present you with a salad, behold! my sister came, and rooted them all up, one after another, to put the mignonette in their place, under a pre-

tence that it had a better smell. What do you say of her fine undertaking ?

Mr. Vernon. I say it was very wrong of her, since it was your garden, which you had taken so much pains in clearing.

Adrian. Ought she to have made me then lose all the fruit of my labour, by a foolish whim ?

Mr. Vernon. No, certainly not. But do you know, my son, that the wrong which your sister did you in rooting up your lettuces, is nothing in comparison to that which you would do the gardener, if you were to root up his flowers.

Adrian. How so, pray, papa ?

Mr. Vernon. It is because the gardener has taken still more pains to preserve his garden than you have taken to clear your's.

Adrian. What pains has he taken, pray ?

Mr. Vernon. I am going to tell you. Last autumn he cleared all his beds ; he spread some very rich soil over, and planted as many bulbs as you now see bunches of flowers. You know very well the bulbs which your mother has put in the water-bottles on the chimney-piece ?

Adrian. Yes, papa, these flowers are exactly the same as mama's.

Mr. Vernon. Yes, but it costs the poor gardener much more care to make these grow. I have

have not yet told you but half of his labour. After having put these bulbs into the earth, it is necessary to new cover them with dung, to guard them from the cold ; and yet further, to fix straw mats there, to defend them from the frost. In this manner he preserved his beds during all the winter. Then, at the approach of spring, when the severest cold ceased, it was necessary to uncover his flowers by degrees, and water them carefully, when the weather was not sufficiently damp. How many new cares have they not cost him, before they became so large as you see them ! Now, if you were to gather one for yourself, and another for me, and every person who has a mind for one to do the same, would not all this industrious man's labour be lost ? And would not he have as much reason to complain of us, as you had the other day to complain of your sister ?

Adrian. Yes, papa, that is true ; but what does this man do with all these flowers ? He has such a great many of them, he cannot eat them, as we have eat our lettuces.

Mr. Vernon. No, my dear boy, but he can gather them to sell in the town ; by this means he procures himself money, and, you know, he must have it to pay for lodging and victuals. The more flowers he gets from his garden, the more

money he has for his pocket; you may comprehend of yourself.

Adrian. Yes, papa, I understand it clearly; but Lewis, our gardener, does not complain when you go and gather the flowers in the garden; I however saw he took great pains to cultivate them. Yesterday, again, he came with his wife and all his children, to root up the weeds; because, said he, the flowers will become taller and finer.

Mr. Vernon. That is true also; but would you have me explain to you the difference?

Adrian. I should be much obliged to you for it, papa.

Mr. Vernon. If my affairs permitted me, I would myself plant and cultivate the trees and flowers in my garden. It is an agreeable occupation, and procures a very salutary exercise when one is accustomed to it. But I am generally engaged in much more important business. That is the reason why I had Lewis the gardener here, and said to him, "My friend I have not time to do what is necessary in my garden to keep it in good condition; therefore if you will take charge of the work in my place, and come and do all the labour requisite, I will give you twelve guineas a year. That
sum

sum you shall have for your trouble, all the flowers and fruits of my garden will be mine." "Most willingly, Sir," answered Lewis, "it is a settled affair." Since that agreement, Lewis comes every day to my garden, to do the necessary work; to plant, sow, rake, and keep every thing in good order. However, according to our agreement, the fruits and flowers belong to me for the twelve guineas which I give Lewis for his labour; but neither you, nor me, nor any body has given this gardener any thing for his trouble. He cultivates this garden for his profit; therefore nobody ought to deprive him of it by coming to gather the flowers which he has reared.

Adrian. Yes, papa, you are right. But if we give him money to have some of his flowers?

Mr. Vernon. Then he would willingly part with them to us.

Adrian. Very well, pray let us buy some of him. I have three-pence left to lay out.

Mr. Vernon. You will not have many of them for three-pence: it is yet very early in the season: the flowers are very rare, and consequently a great price. However, let us go to his cottage to speak to him.

Adrian. Come, come, papa:

Mr. Vernon (walking). His door appears to

me to be close shut. I am afraid they are gone out. Go and knock at it.

(Adrian runs to knock at the door—nobody answers—he returns.)

Mr. Vernon. He is certainly gone to sell his flowers in the town. We will buy some of him another time.

Adrian. I am very sorry I am not able to carry mama a pretty nosegay.

Mr. Vernon. Since you have that good thought, I can procure you some other flowers which are not so rare, but which may be nevertheless very pretty.

Adrian. Where then, papa?

Mr. Vernon. At the bottom of that heath. We shall find there some wild flowers, which nobody has sown or planted, but which grow of themselves on their old stocks, and which are come from the seeds that fell from last year's flowers.

Adrian. O that is admirable, papa. Will you have the goodness to conduct me there?

Mr. Vernon. With great pleasure, my dear boy.

(They go to the heath.)

PROPERTY ;
OR, YOUR'S AND MINE.

PART THE SECOND.

Adrian. O pray look here then, what a many pretty flowers. May I gather them ?

Mr. Vernon. Yes, my dear, you may, without being afraid of doing the least harm to any body.

(Adrian sets about gathering some flowers.)

Adrian. O papa, see how many I have already gathered : I can no longer hold them in my hand : I am afraid of dropping them.

Mr. Vernon. Have you nothing then to put them in ?

Adrian. Why no ; I scarcely know——O I did not think of it ; my hat will be a very good thing.

Mr. Vernon. Doubtless : the weather is mild enough to have the head uncovered.

(Adrian puts the flowers in his hat, which he held in his hand, and continues to gather more.)

Adrian. O papa, look I have found two eggs in a basket. I shall take them.

(He lays down his hat near the basket, and runs towards his father, with an egg in each hand.)

Mr. Vernon. What are you doing, Adrian? Those eggs are not for you to take. They belong to some one, for they did not come into that basket of themselves.

(A little girl comes out from among the heath where she was hid, and seeing the eggs in Adrian's hands, runs to the hat, which she takes away with the flowers.)

Little Girl. My little gentleman, those eggs are mine. If you will not give them to me, I will not return you your hat.

(Adrian quits his father to run after the little girl. He makes a false step, tumbles on the eggs and breaks them. He gets up again, and hollows out to the little girl.)

Adrian. What's that for, little thief? Will you return me my flowers? I took so much trouble in gathering them: they belong to me.

Little Girl. And I also have taken so much trouble in gathering those lapwing's eggs which you have taken from me. They are mine by right. I will have them again, or you shall not have either your hat or flowers.

Adrian. How would you have me give you back your eggs? I have this instant broke them without intending it.

Little Girl. Very well, in that case you must pay

pay me what I should have sold them for in the town.

Adrian. (To his father, who is come up in the interval.) Do you hear that, papa? She will keep my flowers and my hat.

Mr. Vernon. What would you have me say, Adrian? Why have you broke her eggs? She has taken the pains to seek them to go and sell them. It is not just that you should make her lose her trouble. Tell me, my dear child, what would you have sold them for?

Little Girl. Three half pence a piece, Sir, is the regular price.

Mr. Vernon (to *Adrian*.) You see, my son, you have wronged that little girl of three-pence. You must give her the money which you wanted to give the gardener just now for a nosegay. (To the little girl.) Will you not give him his hat and flowers for that price?

Little Girl. Yes, certainly, Sir, I do not ask more.

Mr. Vernon. In that case you both see the dispute is ended.

Adrian. Yes, papa, but I have lost my three-pence.

Mr. Vernon. You deserve it. Why touch what is not your own? You could gather flowers here because this ground does not belong to any one in particular, and the flowers
here

here grow naturally without any body's having taken the pains to cultivate them. But you must know very well that the eggs could not be found of themselves in the basket, without any person's putting them there. That little girl has ran a long while among the heath to seek them. You have not the right of seizing the fruit of her labour, therefore you must return what is her right, and as you cannot return it in kind, you must give her the value in money : that value is exactly your three-pence. This, my friend, is the only way left for you to take, otherwise the little girl may justly retain your flowers and hat till you have satisfied her.

Adrian. Yes, papa, I feel the justice of your sentence. Take it, my dear friend : here is my three-pence ; it is your's.

Little Girl (returning him his hat and his flowers). Take them, my little gentleman, there is what belongs to you.

Mr. Vernon. Let us go, my son ; it is time to return. If you will believe what I say, you will from henceforth refrain from touching what you find, without first knowing whether it belongs to any body or not. You see what you risked by it, the loss of your hat or your three-pence.

Adrian. Yes, papa, it is a good lesson, I assure you ; and you will see me become wiser for the future.

THE CATS.

MR. VERNON and ADRIAN, *his Son.*

Adrian. My dear papa, is not that a mouse which the cat holds between her paws ?

Mr. Vernon. Yes, my dear, it is an enemy from which she is going to deliver us ; the mice and rats make great havock in a house, in gnawing the carpets and the furniture. We should seldom be able to catch them ourselves, because they are more nimble than us, and the cat does us a great service by destroying them.

Adrian. I believe she thinks but little about us when she catches them, she only thinks of the pleasure she shall have in eating them.

Mr. Vernon. You are right ; however, that service is not the less useful to us ; the cat is, besides, a pretty animal ; she is not so fawning as the dog ; she is even of rather a savage nature, but she is sufficiently patient to stay a whole hour immoveable on the watch for a mouse till she sees it appear ; she knows also how to post herself with so much advantage, that, with only one bound, she can jump on her enemy, and seize it. Have you never seen our cat in the garden hold herself on the watch to catch the birds ?

Adrian.

Adrian. Yes, papa, but then I drove her away, and said—Get you gone, puss, I will not have you take the pretty birds.

Mr. Vernon. That is very well done ; the cat is only here to catch the mice and rats ; the birds make such a pretty warbling, and give so much pleasure in a garden, that the cats ought not to eat them.

Adrian. After all, puss has nothing to complain of, I myself take the care of feeding her.

Mr. Vernon. And, indeed, I have often observed, that she prefers addressing herself to you to get something to eat.

Adrian. O papa, she is so handsome ; and as for her dexterity, it is incredible ; when she jumps upon a table, where there are decanters, bottles, glasses, and salt-cellars, provided she is not frightened, or driven away suddenly, she passes through the midst of all without ever breaking any thing.

Mr. Vernon. That is true. I do not know a more pliant animal ; but would you believe that I have seen a cat drink milk out of a vase where she could not thrust her nose in ?

Adrian. It is not unlikely but she overturned it.

Mr. Vernon. No, no, she did still better.

Adrian. And how then, pray ?

Mr.

Mr. Vernon. As soon as she saw that she could not get her head into the neck of the vase, nor reach it with her tongue to lap the milk, she plunged one of her paws into the vase, which she instantly drew out again to lick, and continued that exercise until she had entirely appeased her thirst.

Adrian. If the good La Fontaine's fox had bethought himself of that expedient, he would have caught the stork cleverly.

Mr. Vernon. You are right.

Adrian. See then, notwithstanding the proverb, a cat more cunning than a fox. O papa, if the milk had been for my breakfast, I should have pardoned puss such a fine trick in favour of her industry,

THE CONSIDERATION DUE TO OUR SERVANTS.

MR. VERNON, ADRIAN, *his Son*, a LITTLE
GIRL and her MOTHER.

Adrian. Pray, papa, look, there is a potatoe on the road, and here is another, and there are ever so many more.

Mr.

Mr. Vernon. That is true. Who can have lost them then?

Adrian. I know not; I do not see any one about us.

Mr. Vernon. Nor I neither; it is a pity. In case we may happen to meet with the person who has lost them, we will collect them together to return, or, at least, we shall be able to inform them where they fell.

Adrian. They will be lost here. Would you have me pick them up, papa? We can carry them to our kitchen.

Mr. Vernon. No, my dear boy, they are not ours; if their real owner should not come to seek them, there will not fail to be poor people passing here who will be glad to find them, and who will collect them for their supper.

Adrian. Come, come, pray, and look on this side, papa: behind this bank I perceive a little girl, and she cries, poor child: it is surely her who has lost the potatoes.

Mr. Vernon (*advancing towards the Little Girl.*) What is the matter, my little girl? What have you got to cry for?

Little Girl. Alas, Sir, my master sent me this morning to the town to buy some potatoes—Hold, here is this bag full, (*shewing a bag which is on the ground near her*); but the weight is so heavy

heavy that I am not able to carry it. I am so tired that I cannot go another step. I little know how I shall get to the house.

Mr. Vernon. Who is your master, then, and where does he live?

Little Girl. My master is named Bertrand; he is a fruiterer. Do you see down yonder, lower still, those great trees? That is where he lives: he makes me earn well the fifteen pence a week he gives me. Ah! how he will beat me! (*She begins crying and sobbing.*)

Mr. Vernon. Do not cry, my dear child, that is of no use. We will go and see, and if we be able, get you out of this trouble; but we have found a great many potatoes in the road, tell me, are they yours?

Little Girl. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Vernon. Is it you who have thrown them away?

Little Girl. It is but too true. The bag was so heavy, I threw away a part of my load to make it lighter. Alas! it has been but of little service to me.

Mr. Vernon. But, my child, that was not right; those potatoes were not your's; they are your master's, who has given his money for them, and you ought not to have thrown away your master's property. Go and pick them up, and

and put them again into the bag : my son and me will then see in what manner we can assist you (*the Little Girl rises sighing*).

Adrian. Papa, she is very much fatigued ; will you permit me to assist her ?

Mr. Vernon. Very willingly, my son ; it will be rendering her a service ; while waiting, I shall stay near the bag.

(*Adrian and the Little Girl go together, and pick up the potatoes.*)

Adrian (*returning first*). Papa, here are all I could hold in my handkerchief ; must I put them into the bag ?

Mr. Vernon. Yes, my son.

(*The Little Girl also puts the potatoes which she brought in her apron into the bag*).

Little Girl. What shall I do now, I am overburthened with this weight ?

Adrian. O papa, if I had my waggon here, we could put the bag into it, and I would help the Little Girl to draw it.

Mr. Vernon. It would be a very good way, but your waggon is at home.

Adrian. Yes, papa, that is what vexes me (*he wishes to carry the bag*). O how heavy it is ! I can but just lift it.

Mr. Vernon. I can easily believe it ; the Little Girl

Girl is bigger than you, and she can hardly carry it. I can carry it without difficulty: I shall take it on my shoulders, and we will go with the Little Girl.

Little Girl. O Sir, carry it yourself! you are too good!

Mr. Vernon. Let me do it (*he takes the bag*). Come, my child, walk before us, and shew us the way (*they go a few steps together.*)

Little Girl. Ah, Sir! what shall I do; there is my mother; she comes to scold me, and perhaps to beat me.

Mr. Vernon. No, my child, be easy; I shall endeavour to appease her.

Mother. Very well, what is this for? Why have you been so long in returning? Your master is very angry with you. He says you are a lazy one; and that you amuse yourself with trifling your time away. I shall teach you how to lose your time. Where are the potatoes that you have been to buy? What, have not you got any?

Little Girl. Pardon me, mother, I have got them; and here is this good gentleman —

Mother. Well, what would you say?

Mr. Vernon. My good friend, do not scold your daughter, she is not to blame: is such a heavy

heavy load as this proper for a child to carry? We found her near here quite in distress. She was so weary that she could not go another step. Then I took her bag, and told her I would carry it for her.

Mother. What, my dear sir, could you have so much kindness? (*She takes the bag and lifts it on her head.*)

Mr. Vernon. And why not, my good friend? Are not all of us in this world meant to help one another? Ought I to have let that little child cry with sorrow, without stretching out my hand to succour her? I ask you, yourself, should I not have been very wicked?

Mother. Ah, sir, what obligations I owe you? It is very true, her master is rather hard, and he demands too much of a child. This bag is certainly too heavy for her. There is no reason for being angry with her. Comfort yourself, my dear Maudlin, you shall not return to your master; I will place you with another more compassionate. Make your best thanks to this good gentleman for having so kindly assisted you. You may return strait home. I am going to carry the potatoes to Mr. Bertrand, and inform him that you are to serve him no longer.

Mr. Vernon. Yes, my good friend, seek a more sensible and more reasonable master for
your

your daughter. Those who do not know how to treat the people under them, and who, without pity, impose upon them work beyond their strength, deserve to see themselves abandoned.

THE THEFT.

MRS. LUTTRELL, MAXIMILIAN, *her Son*, and
MATILDA, *her Niece*.

Matilda (entering.) Good morning, my dear aunt; good morning, Maximilian.

Maximilian (coldly.) Good morning, cousin.

Matilda. O, what pretty things you have there, cousin. Will you let me play with you?

Maximilian. No, I thank you. (*He collects all his playthings together with an air of uneasiness.*)

Matilda. O, my dear Maximilian, pray let me look at them; we shall amuse ourselves very prettily together.

Maximilian. No, Matilda, I am sorry for it, but that cannot be. (*He puts all his playthings into a drawer, cautiously shuts it, and stands before the chest of drawers, looking at Matilda with a suspicious eye.*)

Matilda. Very well, cousin, why will not
you

you let me play with you; that is not pretty, at least, is it aunt? O pray tell him to let me see his toys for a moment.

Mrs. Luttrell. Hear me, then, my dear niece. Maximilian is not so much in the wrong for not letting you play with him. You took his little bell yesterday.

Matilda (embarrassed.) Me, aunt!

Mrs. Luttrell. Yes, yes, I know that you took it without his perceiving it. I know too, that you carried it home; and this morning, instead of returning it to him, when he sent to ask for it, you told the servant that you did not know what he meant.

Matilda (colouring.) My dear aunt I earnestly entreat you to forgive me; and to-morrow I will take care to bring back the bell.

Mrs. Luttrell. I advise you to do so, Matilda, otherwise I shall tell your mama, and you will be severely punished. It is a dreadful thing to take what does not belong to us. Do you know that it is properly what is called thieving? It is one of the most shameful vices.

Matilda. O, my dear aunt, how you make me blush.

Mrs. Luttrell. It well becomes you now to be surpris'd that my son will not associate with you. Is it not your own fault? You can judge
of

of that yourself. When your cousin Adelaide comes to see me, Maximilian is so pleased, he runs to meet her, he embraces her, he lends her all the playthings she wants, and they play quietly and contentedly together all the evening. Maximilian knows that Adelaide is a well bred little girl, who would be ashamed to carry away slyly the least thing from another's house. It is not the same when you come here; he is sorry to see you arrive; all his pleasures are instantly interrupted, because he mistrusts you: and he is afraid, under the excuse of playing with him, that you only turn over his toys for the purpose of carrying them away.

Matilda. But, my dear aunt——

Mrs. Luttrell. What would you say? Only answer me. Do you remember the day when Cecilia stole your doll's clothes?

Matilda. Alas! yes, I recollect it. She took them from me, because her doll, she said, had lost it's own.

Mrs. Luttrell. Indeed, that is a fine reason: and how did you act the other day when she came to play with you?

Matilda. I took great care that she did not meddle with my things: as soon as I saw her turn over the least article, I very soon got it out

D

of

of her hands ; or I continually followed it with my eyes as long as she held it.

Mrs. Luttrell. And tell me, did you find any pleasure in playing, with the fear of having some of your toys disappear ? Could you have a moment's rest during all the time that Cecilia was in your room ?

Matilda. No, indeed, aunt. I must confess that I was very uneasy ; I thought the time of her visit exceedingly tedious ; and did not feel myself at ease until she was gone.

Mrs. Luttrell. Very well, Matilda ; I ask you if it must not be the same with poor Maximilian ? Must not he be as much disturbed on your account, as you were on Cecilia's ? Must not he find himself ill at ease with you, and wish that you were gone ? You saw, at your arrival, how eager he was to shut up all his toys. You now see how tired he is of standing sentry before his drawers, without daring to move a single step, for fear you should take advantage of the moment to carry away something. Is that very amusing for him ?

Matilda. No, aunt, I agree it is not.

Mrs. Luttrell. And if your friends ever come to know that you steal, which cannot fail, one day, to happen, will they not all do the same as Maximilian ? Into whatever place you may go, every

every body will take care to shut up all their things, and watch incessantly over you, to see that you do not carry any thing away. Nobody will be able to bear your society. All pleasure will cease at your arrival. You will be obliged to stay by yourself in a corner, and pine away with irksomeness; but the most dreadful thing of all is, that nobody will either esteem or love you; and that they will point you out with their finger, in the street, for a thief.

Matilda. O, my dear aunt, that shall never happen to me while I live. I assure you, you now see me entirely corrected.

Mrs. Luttrell. Pay great attention to it for the future. For this time I will not tell your mama; and I shall recommend Maximilian not to speak of it to any of his playfellows.

Matilda. O, yes, my little cousin, pray do not tell any one of it. I will return your bell; and more than that, I will give you a pretty purse to put your money in.

Maximilian. No, no; I will not have your purse, only return me my bell.

Mrs. Luttrell. Make yourself easy, Matilda; Maximilian will keep your secret, in hopes of your not failing to correct yourself; but if he accepted the purse, which you offer him to buy his silence, it would then be as if he were half

in your fault; and I should no longer esteem him; that is the reason why I am glad he refused, of his own accord, to have it. But I again repeat it, take great care not to render yourself culpable again; if that were to happen once more, I could not help informing your mama of it, and of even persuading her to punish you with the greatest rigour; for I would not, for any thing in the world, have a thief in my family. As for you, Maximilian, you have nothing more to fear from Matilda, and you may play with her very securely.

Maximilian. Come, mama, I will willingly take your word for it. I shall not mistrust my cousin any more, if she be as much afraid of displeasing you, as I should be if I were in her place.

LABOUR.

MR. VERNON, ADRIAN, *his Son*, a POOR WOMAN, and her Children.

Adrian. Pray look, papa, there is a very pretty little baby in that woman's arms. He is like my brother Alexander.

Mr. Vernon. He is very pretty, certainly. See also

also that little girl who is seated near her mother. She has the prettiest colour in the world.

Adrian. Yes, papa, like Paulina.

Mr. Vernon. There is another child in a corner; that is doubtless the eldest. He works with so much earnestness, that he does not even turn round to look at us.

Adrian. It is a good lesson which he gives me.

Mr. Vernon. That woman ought to be very happy in having such fine children, and for all that she has an air of sadness.

Adrian. I think she is crying, papa.

Mr. Vernon. She is indeed. We must ask what is the matter with her.

Adrian. Yes, yes; perhaps we may know how to get her out of her trouble.

Mr. Vernon (*advancing towards the poor woman.*) Good day, my good woman; you have some very fine children there.

Poor Woman (*heaving a sigh, and pressing her boy to her bosom.*) O, sir, I love them also very much. (*She wipes the tears which begin again to flow.*)

Mr. Vernon. What is the cause of your being so sorrowful?

Poor Woman. Alas! sir, these poor children have cried all day for some bread, and I have

not a morsel to give them. My husband has been ill these three months. I have spent all that I had for him. I have been obliged to sell my furniture, piece by piece. My husband cannot stir from his bed, and I have these two children to keep. He who spins at the spinning-wheel is a good boy; he does his best to earn something for us; but what can he do at his age? He is too little; he is yet no more than six years old. *(The little boy wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, and renewed his work with fresh earnestness.)* The hard season is almost here in the midst of my trouble. O, how much shall I suffer all through the winter with my husband and children.

(She lets her head fall on her boy, whom she presses to her bosom, and begins sobbing.)

Adrian. O, papa, how I pity the poor woman! Mama has given me a shilling to do what I like with. Do you permit me to give it to this unfortunate family?

Mr. Vernon. Very willingly, my dear boy.

Adrian *(jumping with joy.)* O, papa, how much am I obliged to you. *(He feels precipitately in his pocket.)* Here, my good friend, take this shilling; buy some bread with it, and give your children something to eat.

Little

Little Boy (quitting his spinning-wheel, and running to kiss *Adrian's* hand.) O, many thanks, my dear little gentleman—we are so hungry—my father and mother are much to be pitied.

(*He instantly returns to his work.*)

Adrian (with tears in his eyes.) Ah, papa! I have nothing more; but you, should not you have something for that poor child?

Mr. Vernon. You have given me too good an example, my son, for me not to be eager to follow it. (*To the Little Boy.*) Come here, my little friend, you are a brave boy to work with so much spirit to relieve your father and mother. Always be as industrious, and you will never fail to find worthy people who will give you assistance. They love diligent children; but as for lazy children, they have no pity on them. Take it, there is half-a-crown; give it to your mother, who will buy you some bread with it. We will come to see you every week.

Poor Woman. I thank you a thousand and a thousand times, my worthy sir. I now have it in my power to give my husband something to strengthen him.

Mr. Vernon. But tell me, have you a good doctor for the sick man?

Poor Woman. Yes, sir, thank Heaven! I have at present a very good doctor. He lives there,

LABOUR.

opposite. He is a very worthy man. For these three weeks he came every day to see my husband. I may say he takes as much care of him as if he were a great lord. He cannot do more for him.

Mr. Vernon. I am delighted with what you tell me. A charitable doctor is the most useful man among the poor. He can do a great deal of good around him, without its costing him any thing. But the physic, how do you get that?

Poor Woman. This good man gives us that also for nothing.

Mr. Vernon. You inspire me with great esteem for his virtues.

Poor Woman. It is a great pity he had not seen my husband in the beginning of his illness, he would have already cured him; but it is only a month since he came to live in our neighbourhood, and it is by chance alone that I have got to know him.

Mr. Vernon. You have nothing to do but to execute what he orders you faithfully. At this season health is sometimes a long time in returning. You must have fortitude and patience.

Poor Woman. Ah, sir, I hope I shall not be wanting in either. Since I can remember any thing, I have been accustomed to attend and to suffer.

Mr.

Mr. Vernon. I am charmed to see you so much resigned. I wish you, with all my heart, a happier condition. We will soon return again to make you another visit.

Poor Woman. You will always find me very grateful for your kindness. (*To the Little Girl, who is seated near her.*) Get up, Jenny, and kiss your hand to these good gentlemen.

Adrian (embracing Jenny.) Good bye, my little dear! Good bye, my children! Good bye, poor woman!

(*He goes away with his father.*)

Mr. Vernon. Adrian, what do you say of this poor unfortunate family?

Adrian. I am very glad that you have also given them something to comfort them.

Mr. Vernon. When the poor would work and cannot, either through illness or want of work, it is our duty to assist them, as far as we are able; but when they are lazy, it is their own fault if they suffer. They do not deserve any pity. It is best to let them suffer, until their misery has given them a good lesson; otherwise they become the more idle, and conclude by turning rogues. But this little boy, who worked at the spinning-wheel, is a noble child. Did you remark how neat his clothes appeared?

Adrian. Yes, papa.

Mr. Vernon. Mild and diligent children are commonly neat ; but the obstinate and idle are always slovenly. You see how much this one has interested me. Be then, from his example, patient, industrious, and diligent, and you will see every body interest themselves in your favour.

Adrian. But, papa, must I then learn to spin at the spinning-wheel like this little boy ?

Mr. Vernon. All men are not destined to the same labour. I shall explain the reason of that to you, some day, when you are able to understand it. It is sufficient, at present, that you occupy yourself with earnestness at whatever I think necessary for your instruction ; it will one day be the happiness of your life. In the mean time you will have the pleasure of hearing me say of you, as the poor woman did just now of her son. He is a good child ; he does all in his power to fulfil his duty ; and then will you not be very glad ?

Adrian. Yes, papa, since you will love me the more for it.

THE DANGER OF CRYING FOR NOTHING.

MRS. VERNON, and PAULINA, her Daughter.

Mrs. Vernon. What is the matter, Paulina? Why do you cry so loud?

Paulina (sobbing). O, mama, I wanted a glass of water that was on the table, I struck my arm against it, and the cold water ran into my neck.

Mrs. Vernon (ironically). Is it really possible?

Paulina. Yes, mama, I assure you.

Mrs. Vernon. It is a terrible misfortune indeed, that was very well worth the trouble of so much crying. Are you not ashamed of still being such a baby? Don't you know, besides, that you may do yourself a very great injury by crying in this manner?

Paulina. Ah! what injury can I do myself?

Mrs. Vernon. I am going to tell you. When a child screams, it is natural to think that it has done itself some great mischief, or that it is in some great danger, then people make haste to run to its assistance; but if you get the habit of crying without reason, and they perceive that they generally take unnecessary trouble in running to help you, they will say to themselves,

at last, we should have enough to do all day, if we have the kindness to run every time Paulina takes the whim of crying; for this reason nobody will ever come for your cries, because they will always think that you make the same noise for a trifle, and then you must stay without assistance.

Paulina. But, mama, if I were really in want of assistance?

Mrs. Vernon. And how would you have them divine that; ten times a day you cry for nothing, how should they be able exactly to know that the eleventh time is right, and that you are really in want of help? You ought consequently to reckon on their not paying the least attention to your screams, as long as you keep to this bad habit of crying for nothing. It is quite the contrary with your brother. They know very well that he never cries but when it is absolutely necessary that they should go to him; and from that manner of behaviour, when he cries, it is a sign that he is really in want of assistance; but as for you, Paulina, they need not trouble themselves with your crying, they never know what it signifies, whether it be for a trifle, or for something of consequence.

Paulina. That is true, mama, you make me clearly feel the justice of it.

Mrs.

Mrs. Vernon. Shall I tell you what once happened to a little boy, who always cried for nothing, and who did even worse than you?

Paulina. O let me hear, pray, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. This little inconsiderate boy took a pleasure in disturbing others with his complaints. At the smallest accident he sent forth the most piercing cries, as if some misfortune had happened to him; and afterwards, when they came to him, they saw that it was only for a trifle, similar to your glass of water. He often cried even without any reason, only to give the alarm to the servants, make them run to him, and then make game of them. Sometimes he ran precipitately on to the staircase, and made all at once a great noise with his feet, as though he had fallen, and rolled from the top to the bottom, whilst he had done nothing but lay himself softly on the ground. Sometimes he would give a great knock on the table, after having daubed his face with the juice of cherries, to have the appearance of having bruised his head, and of being all over blood. At first they did not fail to flock together instantly on his screaming; but when they had found themselves deceived by it a certain number of times, they let him make a noise with his feet, roll himself about, and scream as much

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as much as he liked, without disturbing themselves about it. At last, one day it happened that he took it into his head to clamber up a ladder; the step on which he put his foot broke down, so that he fell from the top to the bottom, and entirely dislocated one leg; then, as you may very well believe, he began crying with all his strength, but they paid no more attention to it than usual, as they did not know that he was in earnest that time. He was then obliged to stay on the ground, because his leg being out of joint, he could not raise himself, and he suffered the most violent pains. At last a servant came near him by chance; he saw directly by his looks he had not cried for nothing that time. He took him instantly in his arms, carried him to his bed, and went to seek a surgeon; but as he had remained a long time without help, his leg was considerably swelled, and he suffered infinitely more than he would have done, if they had gone immediately to his assistance. It was not even possible to set the leg, so that he remained a cripple all his life. Through this misfortune he broke himself of his bad custom, but rather too late, as you see.

Paulina. It was paying dear for his fault.

Mrs. Vernon. Pay great attention to it, Paulina, and profit by the example of this little unfortunate,

fortunate, before the same thing befalls you, as well as him. I know very well that you do not cry to disturb, or to frighten us; but your childish behaviour would have the same bad effect as his deceit. They can no more know with regard to you than him, whether you cry for a trifle, or whether it is really because you are in want of help, and consequently they would leave you, as well as him, without assistance. As they had been deceived more than once by your screams, they would pay as little attention to them, as to the discourse of a child who is accustomed to tell lies; and of whose word they make no account, even when he tells the truth; because they cannot any longer know whether he really tells the truth or not. Learn then to bear little accidents patiently, and without crying, that you may always have assistance when you are really in want of it.

Paulina. Yes, mama, I thank you for your history. You shall see me quite cured, and I will not cry any more without cause.

CONSCIENCE:

CONSCIENCE.

MRS. VERNON and PAULINA, her Daughter.

Mrs. Vernon. Paulina, when you are playing with your brother, who is less and weaker than you, and it happens that you take something from him by force, or beat him, or, in a word, cause him some vexation, do you not feel within yourself that it is very wrong? And have you not often regretted behaving to him in that improper manner?

Paulina. Yes, mama, I own it: I am then no longer so happy as I was before, and I hate myself for having been so naughty.

Mrs. Vernon. And if, from malicious inclination towards him, you should enter his room when he were not there, and, on purpose to vex him, you should throw the playthings with which he amuses himself into the fire, would you not feel a secret uneasiness, as if you were afraid of somebody, though even you should have been alone at the time you ought to have been called to account, and, consequently, you might not have any punishment to fear?

Paulina. Ah! mama, how much you are in the right!

Mrs.

Mrs. Vernon. It appears to me, from the quickness of your answer, as though you have done something of this kind.

Paulina. Ah, mama, you have guessed it! I am going to tell you my maliciousness. Yesterday evening Henrietta would not lend me her doll's handkerchief to dress mine; I was in a great passion, and yet I did not say a word, but as soon as my sister had left the room, I went and took the handkerchief, and threw it into the street, saying—"See, miss, that is what you get by it; you did not like that I should have your handkerchief, you shall not have it either, and your doll shall go without one as well as mine."

Mrs. Vernon. I will not scold you, Paulina, since you have avowed your fault of your own accord, and you appear to have a lively repentance.

Paulina. O yes, mama, I should never be able to tell you how sorry I am for it now; but that is not all, I wish to punish myself, and so I shall give my sister my doll's best handkerchief.

Mrs. Vernon. That will be doing very right, and the sooner the better. I am very glad that you should have thought of it yourself: when we have done wrong to any body, we should always make amends as soon as possible. But to return :
you

you have already proved that we always have a great sense of remorse when we have done any person an injury, even when no one has been a witness of it, and for which reason we have not any cause to fear being punished. Nobody could know that you threw the handkerchief belonging to your sister into the street, and yet you were sorry for having done it.

Paulina. Ah! that I was, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. But, on the contrary, when of your own accord you do something for your sister, which gives her a great deal of pleasure; when seeing your little brother in any danger, you fly to his assistance; when you meet a poor old man in the road starving, and give him the half of your breakfast, do you not feel within yourself that you have done well, and are you not pleased at having acted in that manner?

Paulina. Yes, indeed, mama, it is a great pleasure.

Mrs. Vernon. And do you not taste that pleasure although there may not be any one with you to say you have behaved well?

Paulina. Yes, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. You feel then within yourself that it is right to act thus, and that it is our duty. In like manner, for example, when you have chose rather to continue to amuse yourself,
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than to run to your brother's assistance, have I not had reason to scold you, and to say, "What, Paulina, you could have hindered your brother from hurting himself, and you have not done it; that is very naughty of you?"

Paulina. Yes, mama, I feel something within me which tells me that I deserve your reproaches.

Mrs. Vernon. Well, my dear Paulina, this sentiment of sorrow and repentance for the evil we have done, and this sentiment of satisfaction and joy for the good we do; the persuasion that we have which is our duty to abstain from, on the one hand, and to practise on the other, is what is called Conscience; and these sentiments of conscience God has put into all our hearts, that on every occasion we may be able to know what we ought to do, and what we ought to avoid.

Paulina. Ah, mama, if you would act in the place of my conscience, I should be more certain, after having asked your advice, which part I ought to take.

Mrs. Vernon. I always make it a duty to assist you with my advice, but I am not with you every moment in the day; and you ought to know the happiness of consulting your own feelings to regulate your conduct by.

Paulina.

Paulina. O I promise you not to do any thing essential without listening to them.

Mrs. Vernon. Yes, my dear girl, when you want to do any thing, and you feel within yourself it would be wrong, and that you would have it to regret, never do it, whatever inclination you may have for it at the instant. To satisfy a momentary whim, you would have a weight of sorrow on your heart during many hours, during many days, and even, if it were any thing serious, for whole years. You have already proved it with regard to Henrietta's doll's handkerchief. At the moment you threw it into the street, you, perhaps, tasted some pleasure in satisfying your spite, but how many times afterwards have you not felt ashamed, in recalling to mind that naughty action.

Paulina. It hindered me from sleeping all night.

Mrs. Vernon. Then the feelings of shame and sorrow which you have had on that occasion are much more numerous than those which you tasted in fulfilling your revenge.

Paulina. O, mama, there is no comparison.

Mrs. Vernon. I will give you another example. Let us suppose that a little boy had a great wish to play with a wooden horse, and that having none of his own, and seeing no other means

means of procuring it, he went and stole one from some of his playfellows ; then he would, indeed, have a horse with which he could play, and, notwithstanding, would he be the happier for that ?

Paulina. But, mama, at least he would be pleased at having a pretty horse.

Mrs. Vernon. Yes, at the first instant, perhaps ; but let us afterwards see what would come of it. If the thing came to be discovered, you well know that he would not have a long time to play with his horse, and that he would pay dearly for the enjoyment he might have had of it.

Paulina. It is very true, mama ; but if nobody knew any thing of it ?

Mrs. Vernon. He would always know it, and he could not pardon it to himself ; he would never take that horse to play with, but he would think—It is a theft which I have committed ; if my playfellows were to find it out, they would look upon me with contempt, and would no longer bear me in their company, because I am a thief ; and though nobody may be acquainted with it, I am not the less contemptible in my own eyes. In the midst of these sad thoughts, do you think a little boy could have much pleasure in playing with a wooden horse ?

Paulina. No : I think not, mama.

Mrs.

Mrs. Vernon. And, besides, in what continual torment he would be obliged to live, in the fear of being discovered, and of seeing his baseness punished; he would never dare to play with his horse, except when alone; and at the smallest noise he might hear, he would run and hide it in a corner, and hide himself. Weigh all that well, and tell me afterwards, if in the end this horse would not give him more pain than pleasure?

Paulina. O there is no doubt of it, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. You see in every thing what we have just been speaking of, my dear Paulina, that God, who loves us as his children, and who knows that we cannot be happy except in doing right, has put into our hearts a feeling which we cannot stifle, and which deters us from doing evil, to prevent our being unhappy. He has done yet more; he has willed that what then passes within ourselves discovers itself to the view of others, to serve still more to restrain us.

Paulina. And how is it that it discovers itself, mama?

Mr. Vernon. You may see an example in children, who tell lies without any one's being able to know if their discourse is false; they cannot help hesitating and blushing through this feeling of shame, which rises in our hearts when we do
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any thing blameable. Have you not observed little Agatha when she tells stories?

Paulina. Yes, indeed, mama; it was but yesterday she told something of her brother that was not true; according as she got further into her falsehood, her tongue faltered, and her cheeks became as red as fire. Then her aunt said, "Fie, Agatha, how were you able to say that? Are you not ashamed to be such a story-teller?" She was obliged to own what she said of her brother was not true, and that was very fortunate for the poor innocent, for he would have been severely scolded if they had believed what Agatha had told was true.

Mrs. Vernon. This is what proves how necessary it is that God should have given us this interior sentiment, which manifests itself outwardly, not only to restrain us from doing evil, by the fear of being discovered, but still if we do it, by the discovery, to prevent its being prejudicial to others.

Paulina. O I am sensible of that, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. When you are bigger, and know more of people, you will see, that after having committed any bad action, they are always uneasy, gloomy and agitated, though there be not any person in the world who can punish them. They know they have deserved punishment, and
that

that if they do not receive it from the hand of man, they will receive it, soon or late, from that of God. Heaven, as I told you, has willed that we should be happy on earth; and it has attached our happiness to the practice of virtue. Your father and I are always mindful to avert from you, by our instructions, whatever could render you less happy. In the same manner God, our father, and the father of us all, watches unceasingly to avert, by our consciences, whatever could do us harm. If it be your duty to hear and profit by our advice, are not we yet much more obliged to hear and to follow the advice of God? And should we not deserve double punishment in making ourselves criminal? There would then be nothing to excuse us. We should not have it in our power to say I knew not that it was wrong, for we do know it; and we have not forborne to do it notwithstanding. Is not this conduct infinitely culpable?

Paulina. I grant it is, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. Always remember then, my dear girl, that the voice of your conscience is that of God himself crying within you, to anticipate what you ought to do, and what you ought not; when you disobey that voice, it is that of God himself which you disobey; and
would

would it not be a very terrible piece of ingratitude, on your part, towards him who has done so much for you, who still continues to do more for you every day, and who asks no other price for his benefits, than to employ them for your happiness, and that of your fellow-creatures, to give you every day fresh reasons for loving him?

Paulina. O, mama, I will not be ungrateful.

Mrs. Vernon. Neither do I believe that you will become so, after the impression that this discourse must make. Hitherto I have only sought to draw you to the love of virtue, by pleasing sensations, it now remains for me to inspire you with a horror of vice, by a history which will make you detest it.

Paulina. O, let me have it, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. Attend then. A very wealthy jeweller was obliged, by his commercial affairs, to undertake a voyage. He set out, accompanied by only one servant, carrying with him in his portmanteau the most precious jewels, to a considerable amount. The value of this treasure tempted his treacherous domestic. As he helped his master to alight from the horse, in an unfrequented place, he took a pistol, which he carried at his belt, blew out his brains, and, having fastened a large stone to his neck, threw him

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into a river near the spot. He then drove his own horse into the forest, mounted his master's, which carried the jewels, and, after having crossed the sea, he retired to a small city in England, where he had reason to believe he should never be known. In the fear of attracting observation, he began with a very moderate establishment, which he had the cunning to augment by degrees. In that manner nobody was surprized to see him make, at the end of a few years, a splendid appearance, for which he seemed indebted to his indefatigable labour, his economy, and ability. This exterior conduct acquired him such great reputation, that they did not hesitate to give him in marriage one of the richest ladies in the city; and as he always appeared affable and generous, he was raised, by an unanimous voice, to the first place in the magistracy. For a long time he behaved himself in a very distinguished manner in his new situation, until one day, as he was sitting on the bench, with the other judges who presided there, they brought before him a man accused of having robbed and murdered his master. The witnesses were heard, and, on their testimony, the jury declared him guilty. The assembly waited in silence for the judge to pronounce sentence of death. All eyes were fixed on him.

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He suddenly changed colour, raised his hands to heaven, and passed in turns from a profound dejection to extraordinary agitation. At last he sprang from his seat, to the great surprize of all the assembly, placed himself at side of the accused; and addressing himself to the judges—"You see, gentlemen," said he to them, "a marvellous example of the just vengeance of heaven. After a silence of thirteen years, its voice proclaims to you a man as guilty as this unhappy being, whom you have just convicted of his crime." Then he began the recital of the murder which he had committed, insisting on the blackness of his ingratitude to his master, who had raised him from the dust, and who had always placed the greatest confidence in him. He recounted in what manner he had concealed himself from justice, and how he had so long usurped, by his hypocrisy, the esteem and affection of all the country. "But," added he, "this unhappy man had no sooner appeared before this court, than the circumstances of the crime of which he was guilty, represented mine to me in all its horror. The hand of an avenging God struck me. My villainy presented itself before my eyes, in so terrible an aspect, that I had not power to pronounce sentence against a man less guilty than me, before having accused myself.

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myself. I cannot deliver myself from the torment of my conscience, but in supplicating you to punish me-like him. I here declare, before the Supreme Judge of earthly judges, that I deserve to be hanged, and I ask no other kindness than a quick death."

In concluding these words, he fell at the feet of the judges pale and speechless. His reason was on the point of abandoning him. A violent phrenzy took possession of his senses; he was obliged to be shut up in a mad-house, and loaded with chains, to hinder him from destroying himself, in his continual fits of rage. He yet lived many years racked with remorse, which tore to pieces both head and heart. A terrible lesson given by Providence, in order to teach us that there is not a more inexorable judge than our conscience, to punish our crimes.

ELEGY ON A FAVOURITE LINNET,
WHICH WAS IN MY POSSESSION NEAR
TWELVE YEARS.

Dear little favourite ! whose warbling throat
Enliven'd many an hour with sweetest song ;
No more, alas ! shall thy soft, quiv'ring note
Add wings to Time, which Sorrow's pangs
prolong.

Whole hours have I not listened to thy strain ?
For, though a prisoner, happy was thy lot ;
No boys mischievous gave thy bosom pain,
And long since hadst thou Liberty forgot.

My fostering hand would all thy wants supply,
Thy more than wants ; the choicest grains I
found ;

I spar'd no pains to please thy sparkling eye,
And deck'd with green thy little cage around.

No purring Tabby dar'd thy house molest ;
If danger threaten'd still thy Friend was near ;
Unruffled plumage deck'd thy downy breast,
And every moment glided quiet here.

Eleven long years with me thou hast partook
The many comforts of my native home ;
No storms thy peaceful mansion ever shook,
Or trouble caus'd a single wish to roam.

The sweet companion of my early days,
While yet a child I watch'd thee with delight;
Joyful would sing, to raise thy softer lays,
Pleas'd thy superior cadence to excite.

In youthful innocence, I thought no harm
To cage thee in thy little wiry cell;
Till Reason in my breast first gave the alarm,
My right to make thee prisoner bade me tell,

Shock'd at a cruelty my heart disown'd,
I instant cried, "Sweet songster, thou art free!"
Quite happy when my faults I'd thus aton'd,
I watch'd thee wing thy flight away from me.

But short was thy career; thy pinions weak
Had not the power to bear thy trembling
weight;

I saw thee falling near yon bubbling creek,
And flew to snatch thee from impending fate.

I soon replac'd thee in thy mansion small,
And watch'd thee plume thy little ruffled wing;
Recovering from thy fright and threaten'd fall,
Thy warbling voice once more began to sing.

In plaintive carols thus thou seem'dst to say:
"My sole Protectress, wouldst thou chase me
hence?"

"Thy happy prisoner here, each winter's day
A kindly refuge found from cold intense.

"So

“ So long unus’d to seek my daily food,
“ With hunger’s bitter pang thy bird would
“ die ;

“ O chafe me not, my Mistress kind and good,
“ For bleak’s the wind beneath the inclement
“ sky.

“ Fair Freedom now no longer boasts a charm,
“ For one who has no friend on earth but thee;
“ Beneath thy eye secure from every harm,
“ I’d live and die, happy thy bird to be.”

“ Sweet bird,” I cried, “ ’twas tenderness alone
“ Bade me thy long-lost liberty restore ;
“ But since thou wilt not Freedom’s pleasures
“ own,
“ Here thou shalt live, I’ll bid thee hence no
“ more.”

Content regain’d, he sang from morn till night,
Blithe as a lark that hails the welcome day.
Harmonic minstrel ! Solitude’s delight !
Must I no more e’er hear thy tuneful lay ?

Wilt thou beguile no more the tedious hours,
Which leaden footed sorrows oft arrest ?
Shall heart’s-ease, grateful, tender, charming
flow’rs
Ne’er bloom, alas ! within this care-worn breast ?

Ah, no, sweet bird! but thou hast found relief;
 Sickness no more my Linnet shall oppress;
 I saw thy pangs, I saw with heart-felt grief,
 And vainly sought thy misery to redress.

A few short days thou suffer'dst many a pain;
 I forrowing try'd to cure the unknown disease;
 Hoping to see sweet health return again,
 I brought thee all I thought might give thee
 ease.

But useless all! Death snatch'd thee from my
 care;

Thy little lifeless frame I wept to see:
 Affection kind, not weakness, caus'd the tear;
 For time my Linnet render'd dear to me.

THE EGGS.

MR. VERNON, HENRIETTA and PAULINA,
his Daughters.

Mr. Vernon. Look, Henrietta, what there is
 under that great coop!

Henrietta. It is a hen, papa. O what pretty
 little creatures she has about her!

Mr. Vernon. They are little chickens or
 chicks. See what a sprightly air they have, and
 how

how they run round the great hen. The great hen is the mother of all these chicks.

Henrietta. It is a very pretty family.

Mr. Vernon. And do you know how she has done to get them?

Henrietta. No, papa.

Mr. Vernon. You have certainly seen the eggs which Nancy goes every day to seek in the hen-house?

Henrietta. Yes, papa; I sometimes go with her to pick them up.

Mr. Vernon. Well; these eggs they put under that great hen; she has been sitting on them during three weeks, to keep them warm and to hatch them; at the end of that time the chicks broke their shells, and came to light.

Henrietta. What, papa! and are there chickens in all the eggs?

Mr. Vernon. Yes, my child, in each egg is a chicken.

Henrietta. O, papa, pray let me see one.

Mr. Vernon. I shall not be able to shew it you; but stay, I am going to ask for an egg, and open it before you. (*He orders an egg to be brought, and opens it.*) Look, Henrietta, do you not imagine there may be a chicken in this egg?

Henrietta. No, I am sure of it; there is not any:

Mr. Vernon. Yes, forsooth, Henrietta, you are very sure of it? Very well; but, notwithstanding, there is a chicken here in the inside.

Henrietta. Ah, papa, how do you know that?

Mr. Vernon. It is because if we had put this egg for three weeks under a hen, and she had sat on it during that time, you would have seen a chicken come out of it, like those which you see run. All eggs in the inside are the same as this; and notwithstanding, a chicken will come from every egg if they are put under a hen.

Henrietta. How do the chickens come in the eggs then? I do not understand it.

Mr. Vernon. I do not understand it myself, and nobody can understand it; it is just like an oak which comes out of an acorn; we cannot tell how it happens, but we see it every day; for to shew it you yet better, all the eggs which Nancy will bring from the hen-house to-day, I will put under a hen, and at the end of three weeks you will see a chicken come out of each egg.

Henrietta. I shall be very curious to see it.

Mr. Vernon. I promise you this pleasure. But, Henrietta, it is not chickens only which come from eggs; geese, ducks, sparrows, canary birds, and all birds, likewise come from larger or smaller eggs.

eggs. I will let you see the linnet's eggs, which we have in a cage in the house.

Henrietta. They are much less, without doubt.

Mr. Vernon. Yes, truly; but there are other eggs, much larger than those of the hen: the eggs of a great bird, which is called an ostrich, are almost as large as your head; and, on the contrary, the eggs of a pretty little bird, named the humming-bird, are not much bigger than the size of a pea.

Henrietta. O, papa, how pretty they must be.

Mr. Vernon. I will take you one of these days to the king's cabinet, where I shall do myself a pleasure in shewing you some of the same. But here is Paulina, who comes with her breakfast. Paulina, would you have us give the hen and her young ones some breakfast?

Paulina. Yes, papa; here is my bread, take it.

Mr. Vernon. Give some yourself to the great hen, you will see what she will do with it.

Paulina. O how she seizes it with her beak!

Henrietta. She will soon have swallowed it: but no, papa, see she lets it fall.

Mr. Vernon. She did it on purpose; she will not eat it herself; she keeps it for her young ones. Don't you see how she calls them?

Henrietta. O look at them! they come all at once.

Paulina. There is one that snatches away the morsel, and the others run after it.

Mr. Vernon. Give another bit of bread to the hen; she will do the same thing. Do you know why, Paulina?

Paulina. No, papa.

Mr. Vernon. She loves her young so much, that she lets them eat all that is given her. She will not take any thing herself before having seen them satisfied.

Paulina. But what is she now doing with her feet?

Mr. Vernon. She scratches in the earth, to see if she can find any small worms there, which her young would like to eat. See, she is just finding one; she calls them again.

Paulina. See, see! they return.

Mr. Vernon. They eat the worm; and the mother, which is as greedy of that food as themselves, will not take her share; she abandons it entirely to her young.

Paulina. O the good mama!

Mr. Vernon. In this manner she takes care to feed them all through the day. But do you know what she does besides, my children, during the night?

Henrietta and Paulina. No, papa.

Mr. Vernon. At night she seeks some basket in a corner of the hen-house, and takes her
little

little ones under her body and wings, to keep them warm. See how careful she is of her young family even in their sleeping. Is she not a good mother to her children?

Henrietta. O yes, papa.

Paulina. I should like to touch one of these little chickens.

Mr. Vernon. What are you doing there, Paulina? I would not advise you to put your hand through the bars of the coop.

Paulina. Why not, papa?

Mr. Vernon. The hen would think that you were going to do some mischief to her young, and she would peck your hand till it bled.

Paulina. But, papa, I will not do her any harm; I will only caress her.

Mr. Vernon. The hen does not know how to distinguish good intentions. If you believe me, withdraw your hand, or some harm will happen from it I assure you.

(Paulina withdraws her hand, and seats herself on the turf, very near the coop.)

Paulina. See, papa, the chickens eat grass also.

Mr. Vernon. Yes, Paulina, that is the reason why I have put the coop half on the turf, and half on the ground; in that manner they can eat grass, and seek small worms; then when they have

have eat enough, they can roll themselves on the turf, and sport in the sun. Hold, there is one that lays on its back, and amuses itself with fluttering its feet in the air.

Paulina (giving a scream, and then crying.)
O, papa, the hen has just bit me.

Mr. Vernon. Have not I warned you of it?

Paulina. I had not so much as put my hand into the coop; I had only put one finger there, and the hen has pecked me.

Mr. Vernon. You had been cautioned, so you have only got what you deserve. Come, it is not necessary to cry for a little pain, rather think of profiting by this lesson; it is learning cheap, of how much consequence it is to children always to follow their parents' advice.

LINEN AND PAPER.

MR. VERNON, and ADRIAN, his Son.

Mr. Vernon. Adrian, shall I shew you the plant with which linen is made?

Adrian. How is that, papa? Is linen made with a plant?

Mr.

Mr. Vernon. Yes, my son, it is with that plant which you see here.

Adrian. O, papa, that is singular! linen is white, and that plant is green; unless it should be like wood, which is always white in the inside; the linen is, perhaps, in the inside of the plant, when the rind is taken off.

Mr. Vernon. No, my son, it is precisely that green rind which makes the linen; but you already comprehend that it is not used in the state that you see it on the plant; it must be very much worked before it becomes in a proper state to make into linen, such as that of your shirt.

Adrian. My shirt, then, has been a plant, papa?

Mr. Vernon. Yes, Adrian, a plant like that you see, and which is named flax.

Adrian. I very well remember mama saying many times that linen was made of flax, but I never should have imagined that it came from any thing which resembles it so little.

Mr. Vernon. You are right; but would you like me to tell you all the work which must be done to that plant to make it into linen?

Adrian. I entreat you to tell it me, papa; it must be very curious.

Mr. Vernon. They must first wait till these
little

little round seeds, which you see hanging there are ripe, because they are well worth gathering, either to sow, or to serve for yet another use.

Adrian. Is it because they also make linen?

Mr. Vernon. No, but they draw oil from them; and from the thick substance that is left of the seeds, after the oil is taken away, they make cakes for the cows.

Adrian. Nothing is lost, that I see.

Mr. Vernon. It is certainly one of the most useful plants. To prepare it for the use of making linen, after having cut it off at the bottom of the stalk, they steep it in water; when it has been there during some time, they take it out to dry; at last, when dried, they bruise it, by beating the stalks with a wooden instrument.

Adrian. And why, papa, are not these plants of use till they are rotten, and beat in pieces?

Mr. Vernon. They do not let them entirely rot, nor do they entirely beat them to pieces, there are only the soft parts which rot and fall in pieces: but in the rind, there are long thin threads, as long as the stalk itself, which are so strong and so supple, that they neither spoil nor break. Although they may have stood some time in water, and been well beat afterwards, these threads remain sound and whole, and these
only

only can be used to make linen, all the rest is good for nothing. The stalks being broke by the first operation, they take them in small parcels, and again beat them with hammers or sticks, till all the soft parts are fallen, and nothing remains in their hands but the long threads.

Adrian. And with these long threads can they immediately make linen?

Mr. Vernon. No, no, these threads are yet too thick: to make them finer, it is necessary to employ an instrument, named a hatchel; that instrument is a little board, stuck with iron points, which they shape on a great block; they take handfuls of these thick threads, of which we have just been speaking, and pass them across the points of the hatchel, in like manner as we pass your hair through the teeth of a comb to comb you; the sharp points of the hatchel divide the long threads into many smaller, till they become as fine, and still finer than hair; afterwards, when they are fine enough, they spin them on a spinning-wheel into thread, the same as that which your mother uses for sewing, and it is with this thread they make linen.

Adrian. And then is this thread white?

Mr. Vernon. No, my son, it is still brown; but when the linen is wove, they send it to the bleacher's.

bleacher's to be well washed, and exposed in the open air on the grass; that is the way they bleach; in the same manner as your dirty shirts become white when they have washed them.

Adrian. I now have only to know how they make linen.

Mr. Vernon. It is necessary to see it to comprehend it rightly. I will take you some day to a weaver's, and in seeing him work, you will know in the glance of an eye how linen is made. But shall I tell you what they do with linen when it is old, and so worn that they can use it no longer?

Adrian. You would give me pleasure, papa.

Mr. Vernon. Well, I will. They make paper of it, such as I write on.

Adrian. O how curious that is! and how do they do that, pray?

Mr. Vernon. They collect together all the pieces of old linen rags they can procure, and throw them with water into large vats, where great wooden hammers keep incessantly falling, which strike the rags, until reduced to a sort of pap. They put a very thin lay of that pap on a four-cornered frame, made of brass wire, like a sieve; they then turn down the frame on a woollen cloth, and the lay of pap appears there in the form of a sheet of paper; they

they put over it a second piece of cloth, on which they again turn down, by means of a frame, a second lay of pap; afterwards they again put over it another piece of cloth, then another lay of pap, and so on to the end, till the pieces of cloth and the layers of pap form a heap of a certain height; they put them in the same state under a press, which squeezes out the superfluous moisture from the layers of pap, and gives each the consistence of a sheet of paper; they then take them away sheet by sheet, from among the pieces of cloth, and leave them to dry. Lastly they spread over them a sort of glue; again put them under the press; afterwards draw them out to let them dry a second time, and then they have paper on which they can write and print. Is it not astonishing that they can get so many useful things from that plant which you see? And are we not very happy in gathering the seeds to make it grow afresh next year.

Adrian. Yes, indeed, papa, that is very fortunate; for otherwise we should not have any linen or paper.

Mr. Vernon. There is yet another plant, of which they can make nearly the same use as of flax. Would you have me shew it you?

Adrian. Yes, papa, pray do.

Mr.

Mr. Vernon. Hold ; there it is on the other side of the road ; that is what they call hemp. After having gathered the seed, of which one part is kept to sow, and the other to make oil, they steep the stalks like those of the flax. They beat and dress them in the same manner ; and get thread from them, which serves to make a coarser sort of linen than that made of flax. The thread of hemp serves also to make all kinds of cord, from the twine to the cable. On leaving the weaver's, where you will see them make linen, I will take you to a rope-yard, where you will see them make ropes, and from thence to a paper-mill. In that manner you will know of yourself of what utility to us are two plants so precious as flax and hemp, and how careful we ought to be in their cultivation.

THE DOGS.

MR. VERNON, and ADRIAN, his Son.

Adrian, Papa, why does that man throw earth with his stick at the sheep ?

Mr. Vernon. Because they would run into this

this field of corn, and not fail feeding upon it. That is the reason why the master of the flock pays him to keep the sheep in the meadows. That man, whom they call a shepherd, with a little iron shovel that is fastened to his stick, takes up flints or lumps of earth, and he knows how to throw them sufficiently exact, to reach the sheep, which separates itself from the flock, and to hinder it from entering into the corn field.

Adrian. He must be very dextrous; but, papa, there is a dog that bites the sheep.

Mr. Vernon. It is this shepherd's dog, which helps his master to watch over the flock. This dog is trained up so well, that he executes all the orders the shepherd gives him. If the shepherd orders him to drive the sheep before him, he runs barking behind them, or he bites them gently behind to make them advance. When the shepherd orders him to stop the sheep, he runs barking before them, and bites them gently before, to hinder them from going farther. The sheep know this dog so well, that they begin running as soon as he approaches; and in that manner he can conduct them where his master chooses. Is not that admirable?

Adrian. Yes, indeed, papa.

Mr. Vernon. I remember to have seen one,
which

which appeared to me yet more intelligent. As soon as the shepherd called him, he ran with all his speed, and posted himself full in his face, to consider him with an attentive eye. If the shepherd made him a sign to fetch up the flock, he went instantly and drove them before ; then he stopped, raised his head, and looked steadfastly in the eyes of the shepherd, to ask him if that was sufficient, or if he ought to conduct the sheep still farther. He knew also how to distinguish the other signs made by his master ; whether it was to stop or to drive them to the right or left, while the shepherd still laid at his ease under the shade.

Adrian. It was very convenient for that shepherd.

Mr. Vernon. Yes, indeed, the shepherds owe much to the sagacity of their dogs ; and without their faithful assistance, it would be absolutely impossible to keep a great flock. You see that this shepherd has the care of at least a hundred sheep ; and with the help of his dog he governs them according to his will, without the least trouble. But do you see another dog that is white, with great brown spots, roaming about the common ?

Adrian. Yes, papa. What species of dog is that ?

Mr.

Mr. Vernon. It is what is called a pointer. Do you not remember having sometimes tasted a partridge?

Adrian. Yes, papa, it is very good eating.

Mr. Vernon. Well, when they would have a partridge, they take a gun, and followed by one of these pointers, go into the fields, and let the dog run about them to seek if there be not any concealed in the thickets, or under the stubble. As soon as he sees one, he stops, and looks stedfastly at it. At this signal the sportsman approaches, cocking his gun; the partridge takes flight—pop, he fires—it falls—the dog runs to find it, and brings it to his master, who returns home, and gives it to be dressed for dinner.

Adrian. O see, papa, there are four or five great dogs, one at side of the other, what are they going to do?

Mr. Vernon. They are beagles. Do you see that they have longer feet than the others?

Adrian. That is true.

Mr. Vernon. They also run much faster. Look, there is one which is going to start a hare. Do you see it? See with what swiftness all the others follow it.

Adrian. O yes, I see it. The hare dodges them as I dodge my sisters when they are pursuing

suings me in play. Ah, the poor unfortunate! they will very soon have caught her.

Mr. Vernon. I fear it; she begins to be spent with fatigue.

Adrian. O, yes. See she is already surrounded on all sides.

Mr. Vernon. She is taken. See now how the largest dog seizes her in his mouth, and how he growls at the other dogs, in shewing them his teeth.

Adrian. And why does he do that, papa?

Mr. Vernon. Because the other dogs would all want to have the hare; they would fight among themselves for her; and while disputing about her, would tear her in pieces. That which is the strongest defends the hare against his companions, in order to carry her unhurt to his master.

Adrian. He actually comes to lay it at his feet, and there is the huntsman, who puts it in his bag.

Mr. Vernon. Would you like me to tell you, also, my son, of what other uses dogs are?

Adrian. Very willingly, papa.

Mrs. Vernon. When they tie up a dog in the yard, during the night, or let him rove about at liberty, they can depend on his making a good guard; for as soon as he sees any one enter

who

who does not belong to the house, he begins barking with all his strength, to inform them of the stranger's arrival. From that they can go and see who the person is; and if a thief, or a suspicious person, who will not retire, they have only to set the dog at his heels; he barks at, and pursues, endeavouring to bite him. The same when a man walks out with his dog; if any one presents himself before him to insult, or to commit any violence on him, the dog would spring upon him in an instant; and defend his master, even at the risk of his life. Is he not a very faithful companion?

Adrian. O yes, papa; that is like my aunt's little spaniel, which she is so fond of. When he is on her knees, and, for sport, one thams beating her, the little animal becomes angry, he yelps, and tries to spring forward to defend her. I think too that he would bite with all his might, if my aunt did not hold him.

Mr. Vernon. And have you not observed, when your aunt has been some time out of the house, without her dog, how glad he appears at her return—how he jumps on her knees—how he licks her hands—how he tries to testify his attachment to her by his transport—and how much pleasure he feels in seeing her again.

Adrian. Yes, papa; and when he has fawned

on her some time, he jumps on the ground, and begins running and skipping round the room; then he again returns to my aunt, springs on her lap, and makes her a thousand new caresses.

Mr. Vernon. The large dogs are not less attached to their masters; and when they have passed years without seeing them, they know them again, and love them as before.

Adrian. Yes, papa, that calls to my remembrance Ulysses's dog, who was the first to know his master again at his return.

BUTTER.

MRS. VERNON, PAULINA *her Daughter*, and
a FARMER'S WIFE.

Paulina. Mama, what is that woman doing there, with a stick, which she stirs in a little barrel?

Mrs. Vernon. She is making butter, Paulina.

Paulina. What, mama, that butter which I sometimes eat on bread?

Mrs. Vernon. Yes, my child.

Paulina. And pray then how is that butter made?

Mrs.

Mrs. Vernon. You have often seen the cows milked in the meadow.

Paulina. Yes, mama, the other day again, when my grandmama took us to have some milk, warm from the cow, for our luncheon.

Mrs. Vernon. Well, Paulina, it is with this milk that they make butter. They first put it new into great bowls; when it has remained there some time, the richest part of the milk floats on the top: that is what is called cream. You have often eat cream with strawberries.

Paulina. Yes, mama, my aunt let me taste some yesterday. O, it is very good!

Mrs. Vernon. It is indeed very good; but surely your aunt did not give you much of it, for it is not healthy food for children?

Paulina. She gave me but a spoonful. I would have had more of it willingly.

Mrs. Vernon. Your aunt was in the right not to satisfy your liquorishness. You would have been ill through it, and perhaps obliged to fast all day, to take physic, and stay in your bed. Then we should not have been able to take our walk. Would not you have been very sorry for that?

Paulina. Yes, indeed.

Mrs. Vernon. You see then that your aunt did very well in refusing you. But I will continue to tell you how butter is made. When the cream is collected together, floating on the top of the milk, they take it off with a large skimmer, to put it into another bowl; from thence they pour it into a little barrel, such as that woman has before her, and which is called a churn.

Paulina. Go on, mama, if you please.

Mrs. Vernon. When they have poured the cream into the churn, they begin churning it with a flick, at the end of which there is a little round board pierced with holes. Afterwards, when the cream has been churned some time, the richest part begins to separate, and to collect together in a lump. Then there is the butter made. Shall we go and look at that which is in the churn?

Paulina. I should like it much, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. Come, my dear. (*Advancing towards the Farmer's Wife.*) Good day, friend. Would you permit us to see how you churn your butter?

Farmer's Wife. With pleasure, madam. Draw near my little miss. I will shew you how.

Mrs. Vernon. Is your butter in forwardness?

Farmer's

Farmer's Wife. Yes, madam, it begins to come. (*She lifts up the lid of the churn.*) You shall see.

Mrs. Vernon. Look, Paulina. Do you see that whitish lump? It is the butter. Stay, I will lift you up, that you may see to the bottom.

Farmer's Wife. See, my dear child; there is already a part of the cream turned into butter. Here, take a bit and taste.

Paulina. It is true.

Mrs. Vernon. Look now at the end of the stick, at that little round board with holes in, that I spoke to you about just now.

Paulina. Yes, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. It is with that instrument that this good woman has churned her butter.

Farmer's Wife. Stay, I will churn a moment with it open; you will see better what passes. (*She takes the lid off the stick, and begins churning softly.*)

Mrs. Vernon. Do you see, Paulina, how by the force of churning the cream, the butter comes by little and little?

Paulina. Yes, mama, that is extraordinary.

Farmer's Wife. You have seen quite enough, I believe, my little miss. I will now put on the lid again, for otherwise I cannot churn with

sufficient strength ; and besides, you see, I make the cream splash out of the churn.

Mrs. Vernon. You are right, my good friend. I thank you for having let us see it with so much complaisance.

Paulina. And I also thank you with all my heart. I shall now know what butter is made of, when I eat it.

Mrs. Vernon. It is very right, Paulina. Do you know now what they call what remains of the cream, at the bottom of the churn ?

Paulina. No, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. They call that butter-milk.

Paulina. What, mama, is it this butter-milk which I take sometimes in the evening, with pearl barley or bread ?

Mrs. Vernon. Yes, my child.

Paulina. O, I am very fond of it, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. So much the better, Paulina ; it is very wholesome food for children ; but shall I tell you what that good woman is yet going to do with her butter, to make it better ?

Paulina. Yes, mama, I shall be very glad to learn it.

Mrs. Vernon. You will be able to see it yourself, by and bye. However, I will tell you before-hand, that you may pay more attention to it. When she has got all the butter that she
can

can from the cream, she will wash it well in fresh water. Afterwards she will knead it, to get out the remains of the milk which is still in it; then after having put in a little salt, she will knead it afresh, that it may be equally salted throughout.

Paulina. And why put salt in butter, mama?

Mrs. Vernon. It is because when they do not put salt in it, it is not long without spoiling, and acquiring a rank and disagreeable taste; but the more salt they put in it, the longer it keeps. Look, Paulina, the good Farmer's Wife is now occupied in washing her butter.

Farmer's Wife. Do you see, my child, how the milk comes out yet? There are also little hairs off the cow, which I take great pains to get out, that my butter may be very clean.

Mrs. Vernon. Well, Paulina, does not this butter begin to appear very delicate to you?

Paulina. Yes, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. Shall I beg that kind Farmer's Wife to bring us some to-morrow for breakfast?

Paulina. Yes, mama, I shall have more pleasure in eating it, after having seen it made.

Mrs. Vernon. Will you be so obliging, my good friend, as to bring a pound of your butter to-morrow?

Farmer's Wife. Very willingly, madam.

Mrs. Vernon. You know me, I believe ; and you know where I live.

Farmer's Wife. O ! as if I should not know *Mrs. Vernon.* Yes, indeed, I will bring you a pound of butter to-morrow ; and when you again wish to come and see me make more, you are welcome.

Mrs. Vernon. I thank you for your civility.

Paulina. I am also much obliged to you, my good friend, for having let me see you make butter ; and when I eat some of it to-morrow at my breakfast, I shall again call to mind your kindness.

THE FUNERAL.

AN ELEGY.

The following Verses were occasioned by the melancholy sight of a Funeral, where two poor female Children followed as Chief and only Mourners, the eldest apparently not more than ten years old.

Why flows the tear, the unbidden tear ?

Why heaves the pensive sigh ?

Have I not seen the mournful bier ?

And wouldst thou ask me why ?

No

No shewy hearse, no feathery plume,
Bespeak a vain parade ;
No marble stone, no blazon'd tomb,
Shall tell where thou art laid.

A little box of beechen wood
Surrounds thy lifeless frame ;
Thy spirit's flown to join the good,
And share a deathless fame.

Two solitary mourners move
With solemn step, and slow ;
The filial drops of grief and love
Flow fast as on they go.

A sable hood falls o'er each fair,
And shades each pallid cheek ;
While sobs, which pierce the ambient air,
Soft sympathy bespeak.

Two sombre frocks of cotton made,
Are all their stores afford :
God help you children—give you aid—
Encrease your little hoard—

Ah, gentle girls, your eyes may weep,
The green-grass turf may lave ;
But you will never wake from sleep
The victim of the grave !

No, never shall a parent mild
To fond Affection's breast,
E'er clasp again each darling child,
Or soothe your griefs to rest—

No, never shall a parent's care
Again your bosoms prove—
No, never more the orphans fair
Shall taste a parent's love—

Ah! you have lost the truest friend,
O who shall guide your way?
Who shall your youthful steps attend?
Who shall your griefs allay?

O who shall guide you safe from harm,
And point out Virtue's road?
Who shall your gentle bosoms warm,
And bid you cleave to God?

Dear, dear unfortunates!—had I
The means, I'd take you home,
Chace from your breasts Affliction's sigh,
And bid you cease to roam.

Fondly I'd fill a mother's place,
Supply a father's care,
Infold you in a warm embrace,
Heav'n's bounty with you share.

In Virtue's school I'd rear your youth
 By mild Religion's law,
 Direct you with the voice of Truth,
 To walk in holy awe.

But since that bliss I must not prove,
 As, doubtless, Heaven sees best;
 At least my prayer shall rise above
 For children sore distressed.

THE PRAYER.

" O God! look down, allay their grief,
 Be Father, Mother, Friend—
 Give to their sobbing breasts relief—
 Thy angel, Peace, O send!

" Chace all their sorrows, dry their tears,
 Pity their orphan state—
 Have mercy on their infant years,
 Avert their threaten'd fate.

" Or, friendless, they must stray forlorn,
 No place to rest each head;
 By Death from fondest parents torn,
 Their youthful hearts have bled.

" O then have mercy, gracious Lord,
 The unprotected blest,
 Imprint deep in their hearts thy word,
 'Tis certain happiness.

“ O may these buds for thee once bloom,
Be thou their friend and guard,
And when Death ends their earthly doom,
They shall be thy reward.”

A WHOLE COUNTRY REFORMED

BY FOUR CHILDREN.

On the declivity of a hill which rises at some distance from Paris, a village is descried afar off, whose situation appears so pleasant, that the most hurrying travellers generally descend from their carriages, to go there and enjoy the view of a delightful country. You would think that the children of this village must find themselves very happy; without doubt, they are so at present, but formerly how much were they to be pitied! From whence then came their misfortunes? you will ask. Were they often ill? On the contrary, the air which they breathed from the cradle was the most favourable to health. Were their parents poor? Indeed, they were not rich; but cannot one live tranquil and content without great riches?

From whence came their misfortunes then?
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you will ask again. Well, if I must tell you, it was from the bad education some among them had received, and from the bad example which they gave to the others: they had, on the whole, the fault of being morose and turbulent; as soon as they found themselves but two together, a quarrel was quickly established between them.

“ Ah, there you are, Colin! O what a foolish look that new coat gives you.”—“ It appears as if it made your rags ashamed.”—“ Good! it is a new coat that I am solicitous about, indeed. But you are proud, I believe, with your red waistcoat and blue stockings. I do not know what with-holds me from throwing you into that pool, to make you all over of the same colour.”

This is a slight specimen of the compliments it was customary to pay in accosting each other. From words they came quickly to a sequel more afflicting; they cuffed each other, pulled each other's hair, and dragged one another in the mud, till their parents came to separate them with a great stick.

As soon as a stranger appeared in the village, they disputed with the dogs the privilege of running after, and plaguing him.

At school they railed at each other, or kicked one another's feet between the benches; their
master

master did not fail at last to see them, and then he came and boxed their ears. There were five or six severely punished every day; then they never went to school but with regret; and when they were compelled to go by their fathers, they took the longest way, arrived late, did their tasks ill, and received new punishment.

They were not happier out of school time, for they could not go by turns to each other's houses to amuse themselves together, because they knew not how to agree, except in doing mischief, and that their parents were driven beyond themselves by their clamours.

In this manner they spent all their days in quarrelling and fighting one another in the streets, in being reprimanded or punished at school, and in receiving severe reproaches from their parents when they went home.

This is exactly the picture of the life that they formerly led. You will doubtless think the time long till you know how the change happened which I have announced to you. This is the faithful history.

At the end of this village there was a fine house, which a rich man from town, named Mr. Gower, had just bought, with the intention of fixing his residence there. They expected him every moment with his family.

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The two carriages which brought himself, his wife, his children, and his servants, appeared at length on the high road. On hearing the noise of them, all the children in the village assembled themselves to see them pass; but instead of saluting them politely, and of receiving them with marks of joy and regard, they did nothing but raise the most scoffing laughs, and follow them hooting.

Mr. Gower's children had remarked this shameful conduct, and had spoken of it very softly to one another; they could not conceive how children could be so rude. They very soon learned to know them better.

They went on the morrow to make a little excursion in the environs to view the country. They were obliged to cross the village. The first who perceived them ran to inform his comrades of it, who came out of their cottages in swarms. The rudest did not advance farther than the threshold of the door; and when they saw them ready to pass, they again entered precipitately, shutting the door in their faces; the others stared insolently at them, without returning their salute, or only answered them by making faces and mock bows.

I feel, my dear friends, how painful these particulars must appear to you; but which of you will

will be able to guess how Mr. Gower's children conducted themselves towards these bad boys. Did they insult them, or revenge themselves by blows?

No, no, they did much better. And how then? You shall hear.

They pursued their way quietly, not only without shewing the least resentment, but without appearing to remark any thing of what passed around them; but scarcely had they entered into a little grove at the extremity of the village, than they had the conversation together which I am going to tell you, after having made you acquainted with their names. Lewis, Augustus, Charles, and Frederic; it is thus they were called, according to their age and height, beginning with the eldest. I shall make it a duty to draw it you very clearly, that you may yourselves be able to judge to whom belongs the most reasonable advice in the deliberations which they are going to make before your eyes.

"I have known many wicked little boys in my life," said Frederic, "but I own I have never yet seen such bad ones as these little rustics. I was tempted to choose one of my own size, to teach him how to behave. Do you know what must be done? We have only to cut each of us a stick here, and in repassing through
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the village, we will distribute a volley of blows on each of those who have a mind to insult us. That is, I think, the best way we can take."

"I think, with Frederic," cried Charles. "We must learn to make ourselves respected in the country. Lewis, do you not think with us?"

Lewis. No, I assure you; and I shall take good care how I have any thing to do with such a scheme.

Augustus. Lewis is in the right; it would be a fine piece of work that we should make for our family, on their first coming into the village.

Lewis. And if some misfortune were to happen to us, and one of us was to be carried, covered with bruises to our parents, think what would be their sorrow; and would not you be inconsolable for having so cruelly afflicted them?

Frederic. I actually never thought of that.

Charles. Well, Lewis, you who are the oldest ought to think more wisely than the others. Tell us what we have to do.

Lewis. What we have to do, my dear friends, is to do nothing at all. In reproaching these little boys with their rudeness, would it not be ridiculous to shew ourselves ruder than them?

Frederic. That is true.

Lewis. That is not all neither. If instead of
making

making a quarrel with them, we could cure them of the madness of being such quarrellers, would it not be a great pleasure, and a great honour to us?

Charles. Yes; but how is that to be brought about?

Lewis. Truly that is the difficulty; nevertheless one might be able——Yes, an idea has just struck me. Attend.

Augustus, Charles, and Frederic. O let us hear! let us hear! let us hear!

Lewis. Do you recollect the day when they led our great dog Castor to chain him in the yard? Do you remember how savage he was, and how he growled? Do you recollect, Frederic, that he began by tearing the flap of your coat to pieces with his teeth?

Frederick. O yes, I remember it; he would have tore me to pieces, if I had not saved myself.

Lewis. Our papa gave us some very good advice on this subject. “My children,” said he, “take good care not to go and exasperate Castor; instead of flinging stones at him, throw him now and then a bit of bread, and you will see, in the course of a few days, that his temper will be softened, and that he will even take a liking

liking to you. I warrant that from that conduct you will be very soon able to play with him without danger."

Augustus. In effect, that was not long in happening; for from trying to bite us, he was the first to fawn upon us.

Frederic. I now mount on his back, and put my fist into his mouth without his doing me any injury.

Lewis. You see then, what one may gain by kindness.

Charles. Yes; but what is all this about your dog to lead to.

Lewis. To a very simple thing. It is, that creatures endowed with reason ought not to be, more untractable than dogs. Therefore, if we have succeeded by good treatment to soften Castor's savage temper, we have the greatest hopes of reforming also in the same way the quarrelsome temper of these little peasants. Yes, my brothers, I dare promise you, that, with patience and moderation, we shall be able, in the end, to alter them, and to, perhaps, conciliate their most tender attachment.

These words, pronounced very gracefully, made such a lively impression on the little troop, that they all resolved, with one unanimous voice, to follow the plan proposed by Lewis. These
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three brothers had scarcely given him their consent, when a sudden noise was heard in the bushes. They turned their eyes on that side; what was their surprise in believing they perceived their papa. It was indeed himself, who had followed them at a distance in their walk. The day before having remarked, as well as themselves, the rudeness of the little village boys, he was afraid that they might be inclined to insult his children, and he wished to observe the manner in which these last would conduct themselves.

His first movement was to take Lewis in his arms, and to press him tenderly to his bosom. "You have just given me a great deal of joy, my dear son," said he, "in turning these little boasters from the fine expedition which they meditated. I observed with pleasure also, my dear Augustus, your having so well seconded your brother. As to you, gentlemen, I would have punished your having wished to use violence; but I pardon you, because you have not yet sufficient experience and reflection to foresee the sad consequences to which you were ready to expose yourselves; and, above all, because you submitted without resistance to the wise counsel of your elders."

At these words Mr. Gower's children threw them-

themselves into his arms, and after having loaded him with caresses, they promised him to remain faithful to the resolution which they had just taken.

“ It is not your good-will that I suspect,” replied Mr. Gower, but I fear” —

Children. What, papa ?

Mr. Gower. How much time do you think it will take you, to make your project completely successful ?

Frederic. I do not ask more than a fortnight, papa ?

Charles. Yes, a month at most.

Augustus. Ah, my brothers, how quick you do your work.

Mr. Gower. And you, what do you think, Lewis ?

Lewis. I should not know how to tell you exactly, papa ; but, I think, that we should be very happy if that undertaking cost us only a year.

Mr. Gower. I am exactly of your mind, and that is what causes my uneasiness. I fear, my dear friends, that your constancy may not be able to hold out such a long time. It is only an instant ago that Charles and Frederic were struck with their brother's wise advice ; but consider, my dear children, that from the moment when your reason unfolded itself, I attached myself
unceasingly

unceasingly to the inspiring you with good sentiments and good principles. Even now I leave my residence in town, to devote myself wholly to your instruction. It is not thus with the little village boys. Abandoned to themselves, on quitting their mother's breast, where should they acquire ideas of honour and generosity? Their parents, occupied from day-break in labour without end, have not leisure to instruct them.

There are only the schoolmaster and the curate who are able to give it them in general, and now and then some lessons for their behaviour; while it would be necessary to follow each of them separately every instant in the day. You ought not then to be surprized that these children, drawn on by one another, take to bad habits, and strengthen themselves in them. You know, from your own experience, that it is not a little concern to root them out. Thus, to accomplish your undertaking, it will be necessary to vanquish many difficulties. I do not say this with the view of turning you from so noble a design; it is, on the contrary, to encourage you to make it succeed. You will have much more than honour to gain by its success. It is not by your discourse, it is by your example that you will obtain your aim. You cannot amend your pupils without improving yourselves; and

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consequently without giving me the greatest joy that a paternal heart is able to taste.

During this discourse Mr Gower had the pleasure of reading, in the eyes and faces of his children, all the sentiments which could flatter his hopes. After having inflamed their zeal by motives of honour, he made them feel the shame which would be attached to them, in letting it be cowardly stifled. “The fate of this village,” said he, “is in your hands. Consider that, if after having first assisted these children, in getting rid of their vices, you let them again relapse, you will but render them more culpable, since you will have made them lose the excuse which they had, at least, of their ignorance. What dreadful reproaches would you not then have to suffer!”

“No, no, papa,” cried all the children at once, “do not be afraid of seeing us lose our courage. We love you too well ever to give you this vexation.”

Night, ready to advance from the extremity of the horizon, came to interrupt them in the sweet effusions of tenderness which followed this transport. They all left the grove hand in hand. The conversation continued on the same subject at their return, and during the rest of the evening. After some general instructions,

tions, Mr. Gower told his children that he should leave to them the management of all that business; and that he would only assist them by his advice, if they thought themselves in want of it for the management of their plan.

They were not long in putting it into execution. Their first idea was to shew themselves frequently in the village, to familiarise the little peasants to their presence. They had some low hooting at first, which they would not have put up with from them, but that it would have made them liable to skirmishes; however, they did not seem to hear them. The more rude and savage the little boys shewed themselves, the more the four brothers piqued themselves on their politeness towards them. "What does that mean?" said these village boys, "Is it that the town children have no courage?" Ah! they shewed much more of it, without doubt, by such forbearance, than would have been wanted in fighting, since they knew how to triumph over the violent desire which they sometimes felt, and Charles and Frederic always, of suddenly returning to box them.

This conduct could not but succeed. After some days the little peasants, weary of tormenting them in vain, let them pass at their side, without paying the smallest attention to it. They
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were no longer remarked but by reasonable people, who, astonished to see them so gentle and so circumspect, saluted them, in passing, with an air of good will. Mr. Gower's children took advantage of this disposition, to make acquaintance with some among them. They questioned them judiciously, that they might know of the poor widows and infirm old men, who were in want of assistance; as it was a rule of their father's that they always should have some money at their own disposal, they resolved to devote their little savings to the relief of the necessities of the most unfortunate. Their sweetest recreation was to go themselves and see them, and to carry something for their comfort. Hope and consolation followed their entrance into these miserable hovels, which resounded, before their arrival, with only sighs of sorrow, and oftentimes cries of despair.

The account of their beneficence had already spread from cottage to cottage, throughout the extent of the village. The little peasants were quite astonished to hear their parents speak with such expressions of respect of those same children, whom they had given themselves the airs of despising. They would not perhaps have believed the account of their fame on their words; but it was very soon needful, in spite of themselves, that

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their own experience should serve to make them retract their unjust opinion.

A little boy had lost a sixpence, which his mother had given him to go and buy some bread. He was troubled for fear of being beat, if he should not find it. One of Mr. Gower's children happened to pass by him, enquired into the cause of his uneasiness, assisted him in his researches; and seeing they were useless, he gave him, out of his own pocket, the little sum that he had lost.

Another, in imprudently playing near a ditch, fell up to his chin in the water, and could not regain the side. One of Mr. Gower's children heard his cries from a neighbouring meadow, ran to his assistance, and, at the risk of being drowned himself, succeeded in getting him out of the green mire, where he was struggling.

Now guess, among these four brothers, those who had done these two good actions? It was Frederic who had done the first, and Charles the second. Their names ought to be quoted with the more exactness, for after their having been represented to you as ready to fight with the little rustics, you would have been tempted perhaps to suspect them of wickedness, which assuredly was not in their nature. They were courageous without having the less feeling.

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On the other hand, Lewis and Augustus, whose prudence may have appeared in your eyes a want of bravery, very soon had occasion to signalize that virtue. A wolf had rushed into the midst of a flock, and after having slaughtered many sheep, he took one by the throat, and throwing it upon his back, he carried it away, lashing it with his tail. The shepherd's boy, who was notwithstanding one of the most morose in the village, had made a cowardly escape on the first approach of the wolf. Lewis and Augustus encountered the rapacious animal in a narrow way. Content with his prey he boldly continued his route without troubling himself with the two brothers, whose stature did not inspire him with much terror. This encounter had however a more grievous sequel for him than he seemed to imagine. Lewis had a knotty stick, with which he discharged such a strong blow on the wolf's left leg, whilst Augustus gave him another with his own on the head, that the furious animal became all at once more timid than the torn sheep between his teeth, which he let fall from his bloody mouth, and fled howling like a mad creature, without having obtained other advantage over these two young champions than the prize of the race, which re-

mained with him, in spite of their pursuit, although he was able only to go on three legs.

I leave you to judge how much this event, of which the shepherd's boy went instantly to recount the history in the village, upset the notions of his companions. They had repulsed Mr. Gower's children with disdain; they dared no more approach them from respect. A happy circumstance happened at last to unite them.

The four good brothers played together in the court-yard belonging to their house. The ball going wide of the mark passed over the wall, and fell in the high road, in the midst of a crowd of little peasants, who were returning from school. A few days sooner, and this ball would certainly have been an apple of contention; the little boys would not have returned it, and Charles and Frederic were not of a temper to leave it in their hands without a battle. It happened quite different this day. He who had picked it up hastened to carry it to Lewis, who came to seek it. He presented it even to him with so much grace, that Lewis invited him, as well as his school-fellows, to come and be witnesses of the match. It was to them the first opportunity of learning how much pleasure increases by being tasted without trouble and altercation.

cation. Notwithstanding their extreme vivacity, Mr. Gower's children were never angry with each other. They did no dirty tricks in doubtful cases. Each one was the first to condemn himself when in the wrong. The victor had as little of pride as the vanquished of jealousy; and the match ended without one's being able to tell the instant after, by any insolent or malicious airs, who had won or lost.

Time yet permitted them to play another before the dinner hour. They engaged the little peasants to take a part in this. Lewis and Frederick on one side, and Augustus and Charles on the other, divided the little troop between themselves as equally as possible. And who could have thought it? This second match produced no more of a dispute than the first, so much had Mr. Gower's children already gained the ascendancy by the force of their example.

They had the pleasure of remarking, even that evening, the good effect of this first lesson. In going through the village they heard their names pronounced with applause. They approached touched with joy. A discussion was just arising among the players, and one of them having cried out that they ought to play without quarrelling, as they had done in the morning with

Mr. Gower's children, they all clapped their hands at his proposition.

From this moment Mr. Gower's children began to taste the most flattering enjoyment. In frequenting more and more their young instructors, the little peasants attached themselves to them to take them for patterns; and these, on their side, would have blushed to give them the example of any vice. From thence a lively emulation arose among them who should distinguish himself by the most discreet behaviour.

Freely admitted into Mr. Gower's house, the little village boys saw his children give themselves up as gaily to study, and fulfil their duties with as much ardour as they shewed in diverting themselves. They, in their turn, became more studious and more diligent, particularly those whose schooling the four brothers paid, sought to testify their grateful acknowledgments to their benefactors by the homage of even the fruits of their favours.

In seeing Mr. Gower's children live in the most intimate union among themselves, and never disputing together about any thing but civility and delicate attention, the little village boys resolved to quit their old custom of wrangling on frivolous subjects. In a short time no
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more talk was heard of quarrelling, and still less of fighting ; and if there arose but the most distant appearance of any little differences, they were very soon terminated by the spirit of justice of the four young brothers, whom they never failed to take as arbitrators of their disputes.

Mr. Gower's children continued always to employ their pocket money in relieving the necessities of the poor. The little village boys would have wished to have had it in their power to have imitated them in this point ; but as their purses were very ill lined, they tried at least to make it up to them in another manner. They shared their bread with the children who had none. They assisted the old men in walking in the different roads, they charged themselves with their errands, and eagerly rendered them all the good offices in their power.

The travellers who had passed through this village a few months before, did not know it again. Instead of the insults to which they were liable at every step, they received only the most obliging assistance. It was who should take care of their horses—who should conduct them to the inn—who should shew them the road, or direct them to the person they asked for. In a word, who should testify the most respect and good-will towards them.

The fathers of these children, whose tempers were formerly continually soured by the vexation which they were perpetually making them endure, knew at last the sweet pleasure of giving way to the impulses of paternal tenderness. Sensible of these caresses, the children grew still better to please the authors of their days. No more divisions among neighbours through their children's pitiful quarrels. Peace, which reigned in every family, had brought about a treaty of alliance between all the cottages.

That is not all. Markets were often held in the village, the inhabitants of the adjacent hamlets had frequently occasion to come there to make their purchases. They were quickly struck with the change which had taken place, and still more surprized in learning the cause of it. O how they would have liked also to have had Mr. Gower and his children in the midst of their habitations. These desires were very soon, in a manner, gratified.

Spring, which had just returned Nature her crown of flowers, saw virtues blossom for the first time in this district, that till now had been entire strangers to her. Innocence and joy appeared with new charms in this smiling country. The children, spread in companies over the meadows, played there peacefully, like troops
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of brothers. Some were laid on the grass, and the bright redness of their cheeks formed a charming contrast to the soft verdure; the lustre of their eyes was no more tarnished by tears; the candour of their countenances was no longer veiled by dark projects of wickedness; the smile reigned on their lips, and neatness on their garments; the birds, whose nests they had ceased to molest, fluttered with confidence over their heads, came without fear around them to pick up the crumbs which fell from their mouths, and seemed to strive to pay them for the liberty they gave their young, by songs full of gladness and gratitude.

The country people, who had never enjoyed such a charming sight before, could not contain the excess of their surprize and satisfaction. But among all these fathers, who was he whose transports could equal the ecstacy Mr. Gower felt? "I see then, at last, happiness reign around me," said he to himself, "and this general happiness is the work of my children. Ah! their whole life will be happy, since they know so early the charm of benevolence, the sweetest of all virtues. O my good sons, how ought I to cherish you! The old men bless you! the women caress you! the little ones jump with
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joy around you ; every body here disputes with me the pleasure of loving you."

The term of a year, demanded by Lewis to give full success to the enterprize, which he had executed with the assistance of his brothers, would expire on the Sunday following. Mr. Gower, who had taken down the exact date in his pocket-book, determined to celebrate on that day a brilliant entertainment, that should perpetuate the memory of it in the village. To enjoy the better his children's surprize, he took them in the morning of the day before a long walk, while all his domestics remained in the kitchen, occupied with a thousand preparations ; never had the oven belonging to the house been so well heated as on that day.

The next day, when divine service was over, Mr. Gower left the church the first, and having assembled together all the peasants before the church-door, he engaged them all, parents and children, to follow him to his house. The inside of the court-yard was furnished with tables neatly ornamented, around which he invited them to seat themselves. Being then mounted on the flight of steps with his four sons, " My friends," said he, " I present you my children. They have just laboured a whole year for the felicity

licity of yours. I see with the most lively satisfaction, that they have not been unsuccessful in their work. Let you and I profit by the useful lesson they have given us. Let us employ as much understanding in our affairs as our children have in their pleasures. I am rich, and you have occasion for my money. You are laborious, and I am in want of your labour. I purpose buying the ground on which this village depends, and my first act of possession shall be to deliver up to you my right. Let us always call to mind that we are brothers. Let us live united by the same ties as these children. I give you mine to love as much as I will love yours, that this happy country be no longer inhabited but by one single family, where all, without distinction, labour reciprocally for its prosperity."

He had scarce made an end of this speech before the peasants, starting from their seats, came and threw themselves on their knees before him, on the steps. The men kissed his cloaths, the women hung about him; they passed his children one to another, loading them with caresses. Mr. Gower, too feelingly alive to the moving scene to support it any longer, ordered his servants to serve up the refreshments which had

been prepared for them. During this little banquet, they gave a loose to the joy which reigned in their hearts ; and each, in retiring, filled the air with the names of Mr. Gower and his children, and the tenderest wishes for their felicity.

Mr. Gower did not long delay employing himself in the means of realizing the project which filled his generous heart. " Good writers," said he to himself, " have taught men how much it is their interest to mutually serve and love each other. Depraved people have treated these ideas as chimeras. I had even thought myself the execution more difficult. How I thank my children for having undeceived me. The example I have received from them I owe to others. Without diminishing my sentiments of benevolence for all men, it is necessary to confine their practice to the extent of ground which I would purchase. Ah ! if the picture of the happiness I am going to spread around me could engage my neighbours to wish, like me, to taste the fruits of it. What matters it losing vassals, if one gains brothers and friends ; it prepares a change of ideas. Instead of priding ourselves on vain titles, let us seek a sweeter distinction in benevolence to our fellow-creatures ; or rather, that this sentiment may diffuse itself

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so equally in all our hearts, that the practice of it may become as natural to us as that of liberty."

Animated with this hope, Mr. Gower, in consideration of all the sacrifices which his great fortune permitted him to make, hastened buying the ground that he would quit no more. He did not wait till the term necessary for the solidity of his acquisition was expired, to begin the work which he had meditated. He very soon had a public school constructed, where he placed intelligent masters, furnished them with all the necessary books of instruction, and had it opened, gratis, to the village children. He also instituted charity workshops to employ the poor in wet seasons. He founded an asylum, destined to receive the infirm and the aged. He gave one poor family a little corner of ground with implements for its cultivation; to another, a cow and some goats, which fed them with their milk; and to this, a spinning-wheel, needles, and tools for different trades. He was largely paid for it by their gratitude, and a thousand blessings. "They may," said he, "some time, again buy this land; but the sweet fruits which my heart has already gathered from it, the buyer would not know how to take from me."

Happily his possession was not disturbed; the
year

year ended; and the day following, which might still have drawn on him the loss of all the expences he had been at, only shewed him how much he had already profited by them. Plenty reigned throughout the extent of his land; there was not a single arm that remained inactive; not a single piece of land uncultivated. The year after was still happier, as all the peasants had divided among themselves the pleasure of working in his vineyards and his furrows; and as they had not spared their labour in them, the abundance of the fruit which he gathered, added to its being of an excellent quality, reimbursed him a part of the sums he had profusely expended in his private charities and his establishments. The inhabitants of the village gained no less by it than himself. Their market attracted the preference of the buyer; the certainty of always finding it supplied with the best provisions, the facility of procuring there, at the same time, and at a reasonable price, every sort of manufacture made in the charity workshops, and the pleasure of having to deal only with honest people; all these advantages united, made them think they gained in going five or six miles out of the way to come to this place to lay in their stock. He formed every day some new establishment. The noblemen in the neighbourhood,

bourhood, seeing their markets and their land depopulated, felt very soon, that for their interest even, they ought to follow Mr. Gower's example. They hastened to ask him to assist them with his knowledge: he sent them to his children. "It is to, them," said he, "that I owe the principles I have practised. After having inspired me with the idea of the good which I have it in my power to do, they support me each day by their zeal and ability. There will be nothing more wanting to my happiness, if your's should yet become their work."

The children when consulted, ingenuously retraced the route they had followed. They blushed not at being directed by their instructions, and they had no reason to repent having followed them. The surrounding hamlets forthwith became happy and flourishing. This narrow circle afterwards extended on all sides. Mr. Gower constantly received thanks from them. What joy for this good father, to see the first cause of happiness spring from the heart of his young family, and spread itself by degrees over the whole country, as the exhaled perfume, at the dawn of day, from the alabaster cup of the fresh blown lily, embalms imperceptibly the extent of a large garden.

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The first day that Mr. Gower became irrevocably the possessor of the land, according to his promise he generously abandoned his right to his vassals. The following day the peasants went and planted four young trees, which they called Lewis, Augustus, Charles, and Frederick. These trees, cultivated with care, visibly grew, and now are, like their forefathers, the country's greatest ornament; even the shade which they spread around will be of public utility for ages. The old men, seated at their feet, terminate there the little differences which are ready to divide families. Middle-aged men come there to refresh themselves after their labour; the young people keep their weddings there; and the children interrupt their games under the foliage, to hear their parents recount the history of the four good brothers, and to learn by their example, that even children can contribute to the happiness of their country.

SONNET

SONNET

TO AN INFANT BROTHER, SLEEPING WHILE
MY FATHER WAS DANGEROUSLY ILL.

Sleep on, sweet innocent—how calm thy rest!

No cares uneasy ruffle thy repose ;

Stranger to all that wounds a sister's breast,

Thy face angelic with contentment glows.

Thou know'st not, little darling, that for thee

A sister's eye now sheds the bitter tear ;

She clasps thee to her heart, and sighs, " Ah, me !

" Award, O Heav'n ! thy threaten'd wrath severe.

" Spare, spare a parent, raise his dying head ;

" Let not the iron-scepter'd Monarch sway ;

" Station a guard of angels round his bed,

" And infant tones shall bless the auspicious
day

" Which gave a Father to his Children dear,

" And wip'd away his offspring's flowing tear."

AIR.

MRS. VERNON, and PAULINA her Daughter.

Mrs. Vernon (holding a pair of bellows). Paulina, put your hand before the pipe of these bellows (*she blows*). Do you feel nothing against your hand?

Paulina. Indeed, mama, I feel wind.

Mrs. Vernon. Do you know what this wind is?

Paulina. No, mama, I do not know.

Mrs. Vernon. It is the air which has entered through these holes in the bellows, and which comes out when I press them.

Paulina. What is air, mama?

Mrs. Vernon. Open your mouth, Paulina, and draw in your breath. Do you not feel something cold come into your mouth?

Paulina. Yes, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. Well, it is the air that enters into your mouth when you hold your breath, and which comes out when you breathe. There is air every where, as we can breathe every where; here, in the garden, and in the street. Give me that square paper bag which is on the table.

Paulina. What will you do with it, mama?

Mrs.

Mrs. Vernon. You shall see ; I am going to blow a great deal of air into it (*she blows into the paper bag till it is well puffed up, and then closes the top.*) Now touch the bag. Do you not feel that it is full?

Paulina. Yes, that is true ; but what is there then within it ?

Mrs. Vernon. Nothing but the air that I have blown into it. Would you have me let it out ?

Paulina. Yes, mama, let me see.

Mrs. Vernon. Give me that large pin.

Paulina. Take it mama ; here it is.

Mrs. Vernon (*pricking the bag with the pin.*) Now put your hand before the hole. Do you not feel the air which comes out of it ?

Paulina. Yes, I feel it.

Mrs. Vernon. Look at the bag, it is become empty and flat : there is no longer any thing in the inside. It was then the air that filled it, since nothing remains in it, and nothing has come out of it but air.

Paulina. O pray, mama, do that again.

Mrs. Vernon. Very willingly, my child (*she blows again into the bag.*) But you must put your finger on the hole to stop it up ; for otherwise the air will get out at it as fast as I blow it in.

Paulina. Yes, mama.

Mrs.

Mrs. Vernon. Now withdraw your finger, and look. The bag flattens again as soon as I cease blowing into it, because the air comes through the little hole, Do you feel it?

Paulina. Yes, mama, I feel the air sure enough, but I do not see it.

Mrs. Vernon. That is true; we cannot see air.

Paulina. And why not, mama?

Mrs. Vernon. I do not know how to explain it to you at present: you would not comprehend it.

Paulina. But, mama, if there be air every where, there is some between us and those great trees which we see there low down by the window. Why does not the air hinder us from seeing them, even when I let down the curtain?

Mrs. Vernon. Before I answer you, look in my wash-hand basin; it is full of water; and notwithstanding that, you see the flowers through it, which are painted at the bottom, as though there was no water between those flowers and you.

Paulina. That is true, mama. It is necessary to look near it, to see that there really is water, and it was but this morning that I was deceived by it. I took a plate off the table, and threw the water over my arms, because I did not see that the plate was full.

Mrs.

Mrs. Vernon. And when the squares of glass in your casement are very clean, do you not see the statues in the garden the same as if there was no glass between those statues and you?

Paulina. Yes, that is true.

Mrs. Vernon. Yet one word. When there is a pane of glass broke in the top of a window, and one feels the cold, have not you observed how much trouble one sometimes has to find out by the eye, in what part the broken pane is?

Paulina. Yes, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. Water and glass are such pure matter, that we can see through them; but as the air is yet purer and finer, one sees through it, without seeing the air itself. I am going to shew you, in another manner, that you are entirely surrounded by it. Now remain standing, while I go round you wafting my fan. Now do you not feel wind on all sides?

Paulina. Yes, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. It is the air that is between us two that I put in motion with this fan, and that I waft against you. It would be the same if I were to do it in the street, the garden, or wherever it might be, for there is air every where. But, tell me, have not you sometimes seen the fish play in your grandmama's fish-pond?

Paulina. O, yes, they are very pretty little creatures.

creatures. They come to the top of the water as soon as one throws them a bit of bread, and they swallow it so cleverly.

Mrs. Vernon. Well, Paulina, fish must always have water around them, as we must always have air around us. If you were to see them when they are drawn out of the water, they toss and writhe about, and are not long before they die. It would be the same with us, if we were drawn out of the air, we should toss and writhe ourselves, and we should very soon come to an end, by dying like them. Happily we have no need to fear the air failing us, for it envelopes all the earth.

Paulina. But, mama, does it reach up to the stars?

Mrs. Vernon. We shall see that another time. Before rising so high, it is necessary to acquire other knowledge.

Paulina. O, I will apply myself diligently to my studies to attain it.

THE GROWTH OF PLANTS.

MR. VERNON, and PAULINA *his Daughter.*

Paulina. Papa, what is it you have there in these plates? Here is one like a little garden.

Mr. Vernon. It has not cost me much trouble to cultivate, as you see. I had only to put into the water as many reddish little seeds as I could take up at once with my thumb and finger, like those which you see there in the first plate.

Paulina. And what is that herb, papa?

Mr. Vernon. It is cress, which you like so much. I shall soon let you eat a salad of it.

Paulina. It is so pretty, that I already fancy myself eating it.

Mr. Vernon. Now look at this second plate. I put the seeds to soak four days ago, see if they be on the whole like those in the first plate, which I put in soak but this morning.

Paulina. No, papa, there is something whitish in these, which the others have not.

Mr. Vernon. You have very well observed that difference. The seeds have burst, by being steeped in water; and from these cracks little white points come out.

Paulina.

Paulina. And what are those little white points, papa?

Mr. Vernon. They are the young roots of the plant. When the seeds have been some days in water, the moisture penetrates and swells them. You see clearly that these are bigger than those on the first plate.

Paulina. That is true, papa.

Mr. Vernon. When they are sufficiently swelled, they open at the end, and then these little white points come out at the opening. Do you know what these roots are for?

Paulina. No, papa.

Mr. Vernon. They suck up the water which is in the plate. The seed better nourished swells yet more, and then there comes out from another side two small yellow leaves, which afterwards divide each into three small leaves, and by little and little they become quite green. Look into that third plate; the seeds have been there between eight and ten days, and the plant has leaves already. Do you see also the reddish skin of the seed?

Paulina. Yes, clearly, papa.

Mr. Vernon. The seeds here are still much larger. Each has a stalk with leaves on. When they have been a few days longer in water, from the midst of these first leaves others will
yet

yet come out. The roots and stalks will become still longer and thicker ; and the skin of the seed will grow entirely loose, as you may already see in the fourth plate.

Paulina. O, yes, papa, there is my salad quite ready ; there is nothing more to do but to dress it.

Mr. Vernon. I will cut you a few bits, that you may taste it beforehand ; but, see, I put the roots into the water again, and new leaves will come from them, provided I always take care to keep enough water in the plate.

Paulina. Then you put some there now and then, papa ?

Mr. Vernon. I am obliged to do it, Paulina. In proportion as the plant grows bigger, the roots drink up more, it is therefore necessary to furnish them with it. Hold, there is another plate. I have not put any water into it, but the first days only. The cress as it grew bigger soon exhausted it ; and as soon as the water failed, it began to wither. Do you see how thin the stalks are become, and how they are dried up ? The leaves are quite yellow. This cress is no longer good for any thing. It must be thrown away.

Paulina. O, that is a great pity.

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Mr.

Mr. Vernon. Shall I tell you now how the seed is procured from whence the cress comes?

Paulina. You will give me pleasure, papa.

Mr. Vernon. When instead of cutting the cress to eat, it is let grow, it rises to the height of your leg, and higher, like that in these two pots; and a little while after flowers come at the top of the stalk, such as you see them in the first pot.

Paulina. O, yes, I see it.

Mr. Vernon. When the flowers wither, and begin to fall, the seeds come in their place. Look, you may see them in the second pot.

Paulina. I do not see the seeds, papa.

Mr. Vernon. Do you see those little pods which are there along the stalk?

Paulina. Yes, yes; they are like little French-beans.

Mr. Vernon. I will gather one and open it. See what there is in the inside.

Paulina. O, this is curious! but, papa, these seeds are green, and those in the plate are reddish.

Mr. Vernon. That happens from their not yet being ripe. If I had left it a longer time on the plant, they would have become of a reddish colour, like the others. I will seek, perhaps I shall

shall find some more advanced to maturity. See, there are actually some which begin to become reddish. They would be already almost fit to put into water or earth to come to cress. We shall find some quite ripe in a few days.

Paulina. O, how long it will seem till I have some, papa.

Mr. Vernon. And why so, Paulina?

Paulina. Because I should like to try to raise some myself.

Mr. Vernon. Your having that idea gives me great pleasure. I shall always be delighted to see you make these little experiments; it is the best manner of learning. As soon as that seed is ripe, I will gather it, and keep it carefully for you to put some into either water or earth, when it is the proper time; but then you must pay attention to see every day that there be enough water in the plate, or that the earth be sufficiently moist in the pot. For, my child, although the cress be in the earth, it is always necessary to give it water, otherwise it would wither away, like that which has no water in the plate, that I have just been shewing you. Water is no less necessary to flowers, plants, and trees; they all need it.

Paulina. And the great trees in our garden, are they produced in the same manner as the cress?

Mr. Vernon. Yes, Paulina, in the same manner; but you may conceive that they had occasion for more time, more earth, and more water. You have surely sometimes seen acorns on the ground in your grandmama's park.

Paulina. Yes, papa, I remember having collected some to play with.

Mr. Vernon. Very well, Paulina, acorns are the seeds of oaks. These acorns come on the oaks, nearly in the same manner as the cress seeds come on cress stalks. When the acorns are ripe they fall from the tree; and if one be planted, there comes from it first a root, which goes deep into the earth, and there sucks the moisture that it encloses. Then little green leaves come out of the earth, and in the midst of these leaves a stem springs up, on which grow many other leaves, and twigs, and branches. This oak grows bigger from day to day, and from year to year, until it becomes as large as those in your grandmama's park. Is not that astonishing, Paulina, that from a little acorn such a large tree should come?

Paulina. Yes, indeed, papa. But how does that happen? I cannot comprehend it.

Mr. Vernon. Neither can I comprehend it, and nobody can explain it. Notwithstanding that, it is so, since we see it happen every day.

When

When we go this autumn to your grandmama's, we will take care to collect some acorns, for you to sow here in the garden, that you may see young oaks grow under your own eyes.

Paulina. Yes, papa, I wish you may soon have a little park planted by my hand.

RAIN.

MRS. VERNON, and PAULINA her Daughter.

Paulina. Ah, my dear mama, how I wish it would begin to rain.

Mrs. Vernon. Why so, Paulina?

Paulina. Because the gardener has just told me it is necessary it should rain to ripen the gooseberries.

Mrs. Vernon. Notwithstanding you sometimes complain of the rain when it hinders you from taking a walk.

Paulina. O, I will not complain of it any more. Let it rain, let it rain, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. So I would very willingly, my child; but neither you, nor I, nor any person on earth, can make the rain fall at their command. We must wait till it falls of itself.

Paulina. But, mama, the rain comes to us from the clouds. If we could mount into the clouds, we should be able to make it rain.

Mrs. Vernon. No, my child. It is very easy to go into the clouds, but to make the rain fall does not depend upon us.

Paulina. It is easy to go into the clouds ! And how is that ? It seems to me that we should need wings, like a bird.

Mrs. Vernon. Wings would be excellent means for that purpose ; but, alas ! we have not got any. We have legs, and our legs may suffice for it.

Paulina. Legs to go into the clouds ?

Mrs. Vernon. Yes, undoubtedly, Paulina ; and you will soon allow yourself that there is nothing easier to comprehend.

Paulina. O pray, mama, let me hear how it is.

Mrs. Vernon. You must know that there are countries where there are very high mountains ; that is to say, great heaps of earth, sand, and stones, which are thirty or forty times higher than the towers of Notre-Dame, higher even than Mount Valérien, which I have shewn you from the top of the hill.

Paulina. Well, mama, these mountains.

Mrs.

Mrs. Vernon. When people have climbed up to their summits, they are as high as the clouds, and sometimes higher ; then they see them from thence under their feet, as we see them here over our heads.

Paulina. And how do they appear to be made ?

Mrs. Vernon. You can tell me that, Paulina.

Paulina. I, mama ! I have not climbed up on the mountains, that I remember.

Mrs. Vernon. That is true. But however it has happened that you have walked in the midst of a sort of cloud.

Paulina. And when then, mama ?

Mrs. Vernon. Last winter. Do not you remember that thick mist which took us by surprise one day, when we returned from your uncle's ?

Paulina. Yes, truly, I still remember it.

Mrs. Vernon. Well, Paulina, this mist was a sort of cloud ; and they see under their feet clouds like a mist, when they are on the top of a high mountain.

Paulina. How curious that is !

Mrs. Vernon. Although we were then in the midst of a mist, it was impossible for us to make it fall like rain. It would therefore be as impossible to make the clouds send forth rain, if we were in the midst of them.

Paulina. How then does the rain come, mama?

Mrs. Vernon. Your papa has promised me to explain it to you.

Paulina. O, that is good ! I shall take care to remind him of his promise.

VAPOURS.

MR. VERNON, and PAULINA his Daughter.

Paulina. Papa, will you permit me to mount on that bench near the casement ? I will not open the window ; I only wish to look into the street through the panes.

Mr. Vernon. Most willingly, Paulina. Come, I am going to place myself on the bench. You can now see the carriages pass, and the fine ladies within, as if the window were open.

Paulina. True, papa. (*After a moment's silence.*) But what now ? I no longer see any thing through the window. It was so clear but this moment. How has that happened, pray ?

Mr. Vernon. It comes from your having obscured it by your breath. Come before this other square. Do you not see clearly through it ?

Paulina.

Paulina. Yes, papa.

Mr. Vernon. Now half open your mouth, put your lips near the glass, and breathe against that square which is still so clear. Do you see how it was instantly dimmed by the vapour that came out of your mouth?

Paulina. That is true.

Mr. Vernon. And do you know what that vapour is?

Paulina. O, no; not at all.

Mr. Vernon. It is warm water gone out of your mouth, with the air that you have drawn in from without. Stay, I will do it myself, that you may see it the better. When I breathe on that pane, it will be covered with a certain quantity of vapour. If I breathe yet stronger, or longer on it, that vapour will become thicker and thicker, till it again turns to water. Hold, I shall begin again. See, it already forms into little drops. They already begin to run down the pane. See, they have all descended, there is nothing left of the vapour? and you can again see through that same pane, which was so dim just now.

Paulina. That is very true, papa.

Mr. Vernon. You are then assured, by your own eyes, that a vapour is properly water. When that vapour is thin, it stays some time in that

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state,

state, as you see it on the pane before you, and then it is not possible to distinguish whether it be water : but touch it with the end of your finger, you will feel that it is damp ; if that vapour should thicken, then it would become water, and when that water runs down, nothing remains of the vapour. Look again (*he again begins his operation.*)

Paulina. All that is true, papa.

Mr. Vernon. Would you like that I should shew it you yet plainer with a cup of boiling water ?

Paulina. O let me see, pray.

(*Mr. Vernon gets a cup and saucer ; he pours some boiling water into the cup.*)

Mr. Vernon. See what a quantity of vapour rises out of this water.

Paulina. Yes, papa, a great deal comes out.

Mr. Vernon. Hold your hand over it ; you will feel that vapour is hot, and at the same time damp.

Paulina (*holding her hand over the vapour.*)
Yes, that is true.

Mr. Vernon. You see this saucer is very dry ; touch it yourself. Very well ; I will hold it over the vapour a moment. Do you see how soon it is become damp ? Now I will hold it a longer time. See, the vapour begins to
thicken

thicken at the bottom of the faucer. There, it already forms itself into little drops; these drops collect round the edge; here is one ready to fall; catch it in your hand; that drop is just the same water as there is in the cup.

Paulina. Yes, it is the same.

Mr. Vernon. If you know how to retain what I have just shewn you, you will be able to comprehend more interesting things, which I shall explain to you another day.

Paulina. O papa, I am impatient to learn them.

CLOUDS.

MR. VERNON, ADRIAN *his Son*, and PAULINA *his Daughter*.

Mr. Vernon. See, Adrian, how prettily your little sister is squatted down in that corner to warm herself in the sun.

Paulina. O it is very nice here, papa, I assure you.

Adrian. There, she is properly taken in; the sun has disappeared.

Paulina. That is a great pity; how does it happen, papa?

Mr. Vernon. Come here to the window, and you shall know the reason. Do you see that great white cloud that rides in the air?

Paulina. Yes, papa.

Mr. Vernon. Well, Paulina; the sun is then behind, as if it were behind a curtain; but when the cloud has rode farther, it will be as though the curtain had been withdrawn, and then you will see the sun re-appear. Stay; already the cloud begins to drive away by little and little, and the sun to shew itself a-new.

Adrian. What is a cloud made of, papa?

Paulina. I should like to know that too.

Mr. Vernon. Come both of you to the table; I will explain it to you.

(Adrian and Paulina approach the table; Mr. Vernon lifts the cover off a kettle, which stands upon a chafing-dish.)

Mr. Vernon. Do you see that steam which comes out of the kettle? Recollect a little, Paulina, you ought to know what it is.

Paulina. O yes, papa, I recollect it; it is a vapour like that which comes out of my mouth, and that which arose the other day out of the cup.

Mr. Vernon. You remember it exceedingly well; that steam is nothing but water, which, through the great heat of the fire put under the kettle,

kettle, rises in vapour. When the vapour is stopped by something, and through that, can collect, thicken, and cool, it becomes water; but when nothing stops it, and for this reason it is unable to collect, thicken, and cool, then it disperses, and is lost in air, as the vapour now does which rises from the kettle when I do not hold the porringer over it.

Now let us return to the window. Do you see that terrace which extends the length of the house? There still remains water on it from yesterday's rain. The sun darts its beams powerfully there. Look well at it, and you will see that some vapours arise here and there, like those from the kettle, but not so thick.

Adrian. I really do see them rise! Hold, Paulina, look down towards the middle. Do you see them?

Paulina. Yes, yes, I see them too, brother.

Mr. Vernon. Well, my children, these vapours rise in the same manner as those from the boiling water. The sun heats the water that is spread on the terrace just as the fire heats the water that is shut up in the kettle. You know, Paulina, what a heat the sun gives?

Paulina. O yes, papa, I felt it, indeed, just now in my little corner, when it shined on me.

Mr.

Mr. Vernon. It heats the water on the terrace in the same manner; that is what makes it rise in vapours like that from the kettle. Hold, do you see how the sun shines also below on the water in the ditch?

Paulina. Yes, papa.

Mr. Vernon. That water must then rise also in vapours; but these vapours are not so thick as those from the water spread over the terrace.

Adrian. And why not, papa?

Mr. Vernon. There is but a little water on the terrace, so that water is easily heated; but in the ditch there is a great deal of water, therefore that water cannot be heated so soon. You may have observed in the kitchen that it takes much less time to make a little water boil in a small kettle, than to make a great deal of water boil in a great boiler.

Adrian. That is true, papa.

Mr. Vernon. You need not, then, be astonished that the water in the ditch does not send forth such thick vapours as those from the terrace; and that is the reason why you cannot see the vapours which rise from the water in the ditch.

Paulina. But, papa, how do they know that
vapours

vapours rise out of water in the ditch, since they do not see them?

Mr. Vernon. Because it has been observed, that ditches, ponds, and other collections of water, exhaust themselves by little and little, if they do not receive fresh supplies. But do you know what we have to do, that you may convince yourselves with your own eyes.

Adrian. Ah! what then, papa?

Mr. Vernon. We will go and put a great bucket near the ditch in the garden, and pour water in it up to the brim, till there be no room for it to hold more. Then we will let that water stand during some days, without adding any fresh to it. In looking to-morrow into the bucket, you will see that it will not be exactly full up to the brim, but that it will have rather less water than to-day; after to-morrow it will have still less, and less again the day following, and so on for the rest, till it becomes absolutely empty, provided that it should not however rain in this interval; for you know very well that the rain would give it an additional quantity of water.

Adrian. I shall be very glad to make that experiment.

Mr. Vernon. We can begin it this very day,
and

and we will go and see every day how much of the water has evaporated out of the bucket. But tell me, Paulina, when you have spilt some water on your doll's frock, or when you have washed it, what do you do to make it dry again?

Paulina. I give it to Nancy, who places it before the fire, or in the sun.

Mr. Vernon. And then the frock dries. Is not that so?

Paulina. Yes, certainly, papa.

Mr. Vernon. And while it is drying, have not you seen it smoke?

Paulina. O yes, when the heat of the fire, or the sun, was very great.

Mr. Vernon. It was then that so many vapours came at once from the frock that you could see them; but when the fire was small, or that the sun was not very powerful, did you then also see the vapours come out of it?

Paulina. No, papa.

Mr. Vernon. Notwithstanding, the frock did not dry the less, in time.

Paulina. O certainly, papa.

Mr. Vernon. You comprehend, then, that water evaporates, although you may not see the vapour. But when there is neither fire nor water, and Nancy contents herself with hanging up the frock in the open air, does not this frock get dry

dry at last, although it may require a longer time?

Paulina. Yes, papa.

Mr. Vernon. Thus, then, the heat of the air alone suffices to make the water evaporate out of all that is damp. But do you know what becomes of all the vapours, which arise either from the terrace, the ditch, Paulina's doll's frock, or, in short, from every thing that is damp on earth?

Paulina. No, papa.

Mr. Vernon. They rise into the air, where they collect together, and remain suspended: that is what forms the clouds.

Paulina. What, papa, that great cloud that is so high, is that formed only of vapours?

Mr. Vernon. No, my child. But this is enough for to day on this subject. We will renew it in another conversation.

RAIN.

MR. VERNON, PAULINA *and* ADRIAN, *his*
Children.

Adrian. Will you permit me, papa, to go and walk with my sister in the garden?

Mr. Vernon. I would willingly, my little man, but the weather is very cloudy; I fear it will rain soon. See, I am not deceived; there are the first drops beginning to fall.

Paulina. Ah! so much the worse. But, no; it is so much the better, I would say; the rain will ripen the gooseberries.

Mr. Vernon. That is true. The gooseberries and all the other fruits are in want of it.

Paulina. We shall have a good shower, for clouds are very black.

Mr. Vernon. You remember, then, what the clouds are formed of.

Paulina. Yes, papa, they are vapours, like those which came the other day out of the kettle.

Mr. Vernon. You have retained that very well. In effect, as we said in the same conversation, all vapours which rise from water, and every

every damp thing on the earth, mount high up into the air, collect together, and then compose the clouds. But you recollect what happens when the vapours are become too thick?

Adrian. Yes, papa; these vapours again turn to water.

Mr. Vernon. Wonderful! Very well; when the vapours which form the clouds are again become water, they fall as they do now, in drops of rain.

Paulina. Yes, I understand; in the same manner as the vapours from the boiling water, which you received in the porringer, fell in drops all along from the edge of it.

Mr. Vernon. It could not be better explained, my dear Paulina; but do you know why the vapours rise and the drops fall?

Adrian. No, papa.

Mr. Vernon. It is because the vapours are lighter than the air, and the drops of water heavier.

Paulina. I do not comprehend that clearly, papa.

Mr. Vernon. I will explain it to you in another way. See I have here a little stone and a little bit of wood, take them both, and throw them into that wash-hand basin, which is full of water.

Paulina.

Paulina (after having thrown them into the water.) O there is the little stone at the bottom and the bit of wood also; but no, the bit of wood returns to the top of the water.

Adrian. And the stone, will it return also, papa?

Mr. Vernon. No, my dear, the stone will always stay at the bottom of the water, and the bit of wood will always come up again to the surface of the water. Look attentively, if I push the bit of wood with my hand to the bottom of the bowl, as soon as I cease holding it, it comes up again.

Adrian. Yes, that is true, papa.

Paulina. And the stone?

Mr. Vernon. If I withdraw it from the bottom of the bowl, and let it go, it again sinks to the bottom as before.

Adrian, Yes, I see it; the stone cannot stay on the water, and the bit of wood cannot stay at the bottom.

Mr. Vernon. I shall now put by turns into your hands a large stone and a large piece of wood. Hold, is not this piece of wood of the same bigness as that stone?

Adrian. Yes, papa, the same.

Mr. Vernon. Could you lift up this piece of wood, and hold it in your hands?

Adrian.

Adrian. I will try, papa (*he lifts up the piece of wood, and carries it.*) O yes, I am strong enough to hold it.

Mr. Vernon. Now let us try the stone.

Adrian (*endeavouring to raise the stone.*) O no, papa, it is too heavy for me; it is as much as I can do to stir it.

Mr. Vernon. You are then well convinced within yourself that the stone is heavier than the wood, although it be only of the same size.

Adrian. There is not the least doubt of it.

Mr. Vernon. I am going to throw the stone and the piece of wood into this bucket full of water.

Paulina. There, the stone stays at the bottom, and the piece of wood returns to the top.

Adrian. From what cause does that happen then, papa?

Mr. Vernon. It is because the wood being lighter than an equal proportion of water, rises to the top; and the stone, on the contrary, being heavier than an equal proportion of water, sinks to the bottom. It is the same with the clouds; the vapours of which they are formed are lighter than the air, and that is the reason they incline, the piece of wood to rise above it, but when they again turn to water, that water being heavier than the air, it must, like the stone, fall below.

Adrian.

Adrian. But, papa, I thought after all you had told me that vapours were always water.

Mr. Vernon. Yes, in reality, *Adrian*, they are always water; but not water only, vapours are water mixed with hot air; that is to say, with air and fire. Hot air mixed with vapours makes them lighter than water alone, as I am going to prove to you. (*Mr. Vernon has a bowl full of soap-suds brought, with a pipe of straw.*) Look attentively, my children, I now take a little soap-suds at the end of this pipe. See, it forms into a drop, and the drop falls. I will take another, and blow within, you will see the difference (*he blows.*)

Paulina. O, papa, what a pretty ball! it is of all colours!

Mr. Vernon (*shaking the bladder from the end of his pipe*). Do you see, it now floats in the air, because its weight is nearly equal to that of a like bulk of air. If I could have made it a great deal longer, instead of floating, it would have ascended rapidly, like smoke, because it would have been much lighter than a bulk of air of its own size.

Adrian. O, papa, how extraordinary it is! That is perhaps also what makes those great balloons mount, which we have seen rise, with men in them, up above the clouds.

Mr.

Mr. Vernon. Yes, my dear Adrian ; and I am delighted at your having conjectured that of yourself. Let us return to our soap bladders. I am going to touch it with the end of my finger. See, my children, it breaks. The hot air that I blew there comes out of it, and disperses itself in the room ; but the water and soap are not light enough to be able to bear up in the same way ; they must therefore fall, and they do fall, as you have seen them, in little drops. It is just the same with the vapours in the clouds: Vapours are little bladders of water mixed with hot air. These bladders are exactly the same as those I have just made, only they are very small. As long as the water bladders remain whole, they float in the air like soap bladders ; but as soon as these little bladders burst, either from their being pushed too violently one against another, or through whatever other cause it may be, then the hot air that they enclose comes out, and only the water remains ; and as that is too heavy to be able to stay in the air, it falls immediately, and in falling collects itself together in little drops, like those which you see fall at present. Do you comprehend now how rain is formed ?

Paulina. Yes, yes, papa ; and for the future when it wets us, we shall at least be able to tell why we are wet.

THE

THE
FATAL EFFECTS OF PASSION.

MRS. CLAREMONT, AGATHA *her Daughter*,
EMILY *her Niece*, and JUSTINA *her Waiting-*
woman.

Agatha. O come, mama, into my cousin's room. Look there, do you see her looking-glass all in pieces, and here, near the table, a great heap of china broke. Poor Emily will have enough vexation about it. How could that have happened?

Mrs. Claremont. I know nothing of it, Agatha. I will call Justina to inform me. (*She calls*) Justina, Justina.

Justina (coming). What would you please to have, madam?

Mrs. Claremont. I wish to know the cause of this destruction.

Justina (with embarrassment). Madam, it is
——— O I dare not tell you what.

Mrs. Claremont. Fear nothing, speak. The mischief is done. Is it you who have been the cause of it?

Justina. O, no, madam, I had intended to have owned it to you immediately. I must say
however

however, that I gave occasion to this misfortune, by another which befel me.

Mrs. Claremont. Relate the thing as it happened.

Justina. Thus it is, madam. While Miss Emily was at breakfast with you, I was willing to put her linen in order that was on the marble top of the drawers under the looking-glass. I do not know how it was done, but I pushed against a pretty flower-pot that Miss Emily had bought yesterday, and which was hid under the folds of a napkin in such a manner that I could not see it. The pot fell off the drawers, and was broke into a thousand pieces.

Mrs. Claremont. And what did Emily do when you informed her of that accident?

Justina. O, madam! she was in such a great passion, she scolded me so much, that I did not know where to hide myself. At first I answered her nothing, for fear of making her yet more angry; but at last seeing that her passion did not abate, I could not hinder myself from saying to her, "After all, miss, in what am I to blame? Could I foresee that a flower-pot would be hid under a napkin?" These words only served to enrage her still more. "How, then, impertinent woman!" she replied, "will you say it is my fault?" Upon that she ran towards the round-table to take up a

I

bunch

bunch of keys; but, through the violence of her motion, she overthrew the table, and all the china cups which were on it fell in pieces on the floor. In the despair that this new misfortune threw her into, she would have flung the bunch of keys at my head; fortunately I stooped; the keys flew against the looking glass, and down it smashed all to pieces.

Mrs. Claremont. Emily has gained much indeed by that fine stroke: and what did she say then?

Justina. O, madam! I know nothing more. I ran away from the room as fast as my legs could carry me. In the first moment I would have gone to have carried my complaints to you on this ill-treatment, and asked you for my dismissal; but I afterwards made another reflection that restrained me. Miss Emily has such a good heart, it is a great pity she suffers herself to be carried away by the first impulse of passion.

Mrs. Claremont. Yes, indeed, it is a great pity. That fault alone poisons all her good qualities. With the best heart in the world, soon or late, some great misfortune will befall her; if she continues to abandon herself to her passions: but I know how to punish her in a manner that will oblige her to correct herself. The china belonged to her; she could do what she would with that; I shall not give her any other in its place. But as

to my glass, she must pay me for that without delay : and as it was a very large and fine one, her purse will remember it a long while. She will have all that time to learn what she gains by giving herself up to her rage. That is not all: I forbid you, Justina, doing the least thing for her, until she comes to ask your pardon, in a friendly manner, in my presence, with the promise of never behaving to you as she has done to day.

Justina. O, madam, it is not necessary ! Miss Emily will soon make these reflections herself, and I am already satisfied.

Mrs. Claremont. But as for me, I am not satisfied with her. She must be taught that she ought no more to ill-treat you than any other person. I will no longer keep you in my service, if you do not punctually execute what I prescribe. Emily is not come into my house to have her disposition spoiled, or I should badly fulfil the promise I made my sister, when dying, who entrusted me with her education : but there she comes. Here, Emily.

Emily (running and throwing herself in Mrs. Claremont's arms.) O, my dear aunt, I know I deserve all you can say to me. I merit the severest punishment. How foolish it was of me to let myself be carried away so by my passion. Ah ! if you could know how grieved I am about it.

Mrs. Claremont. I believe it, Emily ; but the
I 2 regret

regret always comes too late, and can make no reparation: and if you had struck Justina on the head with your keys, and that——

Emily. For pity's sake, my dear aunt, I conjure you not to say another word about it; you pierce me to the heart. I know not where to hide my shame and sorrow. My dear Justina, I beg you to forgive me; if it should ever happen that I should put myself in a passion with you again, and behave ill to you, you will have only to answer, "Emily, do you remember the bunch of keys?" and I shall then be very sure to stay my anger. But that is not all: take it, my dear Justina, (*putting her purse into her hand*), this is to make you forget the uneasiness that I have caused you.

Justina (*wiping her eyes.*) No, miss, this is too much. I am not in want of it. I will not take it.

Mrs. Claremont. You ought to take it, Justina; Emily offers it, to shew you that she spares nothing to repair her fault: but, however, she must not think that an injury can be repaid by any sum of money. I am, in other respects, charmed with her having herself thought of asking your forgiveness, and making you all the amends in her power. If she had been wanting in it, it would have been necessary that I should have given her the lesson myself. I am obliged to her for having
anticipating

anticipated me, as it proves that she is penetrated with regret for the fault she has committed.

Emily. O yes, my dear aunt, I feel it but too severely.

Mrs. Claremont. In that case I shall say no more about it, and shall only give you up to your own reflection, and your own regret: but you, my dear Agatha, receive a useful lesson from your cousin's misfortune, and see what happens to those who suffer themselves to be overcome by passion. Far from being able to procure themselves through it any alleviation, they only draw on new troubles, and precipitate themselves into the most distressing embarrassments. Think of the dreadful remorse which would have forever followed the unhappy Emily, if she had struck Justina on the head with her keys, and cost her an eye. Therefore, when you feel anger ready to take possession of you, call to mind this event, and try to collect all your strength to overcome it at the same instant. If you do not thus accustom yourself betimes to govern yourself, you will become the sport of all your passions; and, after their having rendered you a thousand times an object of derision in the eyes of reasonable people, perhaps they will in the end force you, in spite of yourself, into misfortunes, of which the idea alone would make you shudder, and which you would wish in vain, every day of your life, to redeem with the price of your blood.

SONNET

TO A BEGGAR GIRL.

Poor little Beggar Girl, how hard thy lot ;
 Not rags enough to save thee from the frost ;
 No much-lov'd home ! no warm paternal cot !
 Poor wand'ring child, alas ! how art thou lost !

Thy shoeless feet quite crippled by the cold ;
 A tear turn'd icicle on thy sad face :
 Here, take my mite ; had I the means, I'd fold
 Thee to my heart, and fill a mother's place.

But take the little all I have to give,
 And with it mild Compassion's streaming tear ;
 Had I a store, thou should'st of that receive ;
 Misfortune's child is to this bosom dear :
 But though I can't a raising hand extend,
 Remember, Heaven will prove the orphan's friend !

THE FIVE SENSES.

MRS. VERNON, and PAULINA her Daughter.

Mrs. Vernon. See, Paulina, here is your doll, that has, like you, arms, legs, a head, a nose, and a mouth. Is your doll a thing like you? Or do you think yourself a different thing from your doll?

Paulina. O, it appears to me that I am quite a different thing, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. What difference is there then between you two? What can you do, for example, that your doll would not be able to do?

Paulina. See, mama, I can raise my hand; I can run, jump, and stand on one foot, and the doll can do nothing of all this.

Mrs. Vernon. You are right. You can move about, and your doll cannot: but have not you seen your little brother's chaise roll along? That moves too.

Paulina. Yes, mama, I believe it indeed, when Nancy draws it before, or pushes it behind; it must move then. But as for me, I have no occasion for any one to push me behind, or draw me before, to make me move. See, I know how to run and jump quite alone.

Mrs. Vernon. That is true; the chaise and the doll cannot move of themselves; but as for you, you can move of yourself as you wish. You can get up, sit down, walk slowly, or run, as you think best. You can use your feet, your hands, and your tongue, just as you please. But, Paulina, your little brother cannot speak, or jump, or run; he needs being carried like a doll. Is not he, at least, the same thing as a doll?

Paulina. No, not entirely; as it appears to me, mama, my little brother can lift up his hand, shake his head, and cry: and then babies become big, instead of which my doll will never grow big.

Mrs. Vernon. Your observation is very just. But, Paulina, how do you know that your little brother can do all that you have just said?

Paulina. Because I have seen it more than once.

Mrs. Vernon. And with what have you seen it?

Paulina. With my eyes, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. And if you had not had eyes, could you have seen it?

Paulina. O no, without doubt.

Mrs. Vernon. You would not then have known whether your little brother were able to shake his head, or lift up his hand.

Paulina. No, indeed, I should never have known it.

Mrs. Vernon. And could you know any thing if
you

you had not eyes? Would you know, for example, what passes around you?

Paulina. I think not, mama. I should be then as I am during the night when I wake, and there is no light. It is as if there were nothing in the room.

Mrs. Vernon. True, it is the same thing. But shut your eyes an instant: very good. Now tell me whether that table on which you lean is soft or hard?

Paulina. The table is hard, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. How do you know that, my child? You cannot see, your eyes being shut.

Paulina. No mama, I cannot see, certainly. But I know very well that the table is hard when I touch it.

Mrs. Vernon. So you can know by the feel; without making use of your eyes to see it?

Paulina. Yes, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. You can then know any thing in two ways; by the sight, and by the feel?

Paulina. That is true, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. Shut your eyes again a little while, and put your hands behind your back. What is this I put under your nose?

Paulina. A rose, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. You have guessed right. But how

do you know that it is a rose, since you have neither seen it, nor touched it?

Paulina. Because I smelt it. Nothing in the world has such a fine scent.

Mrs. Vernon. Thus, my child, you can also know something by the smell.

Paulina. That is true, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. There are then three ways by which you can know things; sight, feeling, and smell?

(Paulina half opens her eyes.)

Mrs. Vernon. No, no, *Paulina*, I have not finished: eyes shut again, if you please.

Paulina. Hold, mama, I must put you on your guard. I should cheat in spite of myself.

Mrs. Vernon. How so?

Paulina. It is in vain I would wish not to do it; I cannot keep my eyes shut so long. They open of themselves before I think of it.

Mrs. Vernon. Come, I shall bind your eyes with a handkerchief in such a manner, that you will not be able to see any more if you should wish it.

(She ties her handkerchief over her eyes.)

Mrs. Vernon. Very well, do you see now?

Paulina. No, mama, I do not see any thing, indeed.

(Mrs. Vernon makes a sign, without speaking, to Henrietta,

Henrietta, her eldest daughter, who is at play with her little brother and his nurse, at the other end of the room, to approach softly.)

Mrs. Vernon (to Paulina.) You are very sure you see nothing. That is not all: put one of your hands behind your back, and stop your nose with the other, to be as sure that you will not be able to either touch or smell. Remain thus; there is a visitor who I am going to announce to you.

(To Henrietta.) Pray, come forward and wish Paulina good morning?

Henrietta. Good morning, Paulina.

Paulina (sprightly.) Good morning, Henrietta.

Mrs. Vernon. Ah, ah, Paulina, how do you know, then, it is Henrietta who wishes you good morning.

Paulina. Because I heard her, mama. I may well know my sister's voice.

Mrs. Vernon. Very well. Here is a new discovery: you know likewise something not from seeing, feeling, or smelling, but from hearing only. Thus, then, here are already four means by which you can know things; the sight, feeling, smell, and hearing.

Paulina. Yes, indeed, mama, I am acquainted with four ways.

Mrs. Vernon. Replace yourself as you were just

now. Henrietta will go, and with her hands stop your ears besides. In that state you can neither see, nor feel, nor smell, nor hear. Let us try if there remains any other way by which you may yet know something.

Paulina. Try, mama. I wait your experiment.

Mrs. Vernon. Open your mouth. What am I putting in it?

Paulina (after having tasted) It is currant jelly.

Mrs. Vernon. And how do you know that?

Paulina. Rely on my taste, I am a connoisseur.

Mrs. Vernon. Your taste has not deceived you. Your taste! but there is then a fifth way by which you can know something. Could you name these five ways to me, or shall I tell them you yet once more?

Paulina. I would rather you should tell them, mama, that I may the better remember them. As for me, I might let one of them escape; and, honestly, I should regret its loss.

Mrs. Vernon (after having unbound Paulina's eyes.) The five means by which we can know anything, or acquire knowledge, are sight, feeling, smell, hearing, and taste. They are called the five senses.

Paulina. I am very glad in being assured, that
not

not one of them are wanting in me. I know very well how to see, feel, smell, hear, and taste.

Mrs. Vernon. And your doll, can she do any one of these things?

Paulina. I defy her to do only one of them. I give her her choice.

Mrs. Vernon. There is then a great difference between you two. Your doll can neither move of herself, nor see, nor feel, nor smell, nor hear, nor taste, like you; and do you know what those are called who can do this?

Paulina. No, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. They are called living and animated beings. Thus you are a living and animated being, and your doll is not. But tell me now, are such creatures as dogs, cats, and birds, living and animated beings or not?

Paulina. I think they are, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. You are right in thinking so; for the cat can move of herself as well as you; and I doubt even whether she knows not how to run a little faster, and jump a little higher: is not that true?

Paulina. Yes, mama, I allow her these advantages.

Mrs. Vernon. And when you go to her, clapping your hands, can she hear the noise you make?

Paulina.

Paulina. O she hears it, without doubt, for she instantly begins running away.

Mrs. Vernon. And when you touch her behind with your stick?

Paulina. She runs still faster.

Mrs. Vernon. She is then sensible of feeling?

Paulina. Yes, mama, I assure you, she is very tender on that point.

Mrs. Vernon. But without pursuing her, when you only shew her the stick in a threatening manner?

Paulina. She sees it so well, that I very soon see her no longer.

Mrs. Vernon. Here are already three senses she possesses like you; the sight, feeling, and hearing. Let us see if she yet has smell and taste.

Paulina. O I can answer you that; she smells a fricassée a great way, and throw her a bit of mutton and a cork, she will know the difference very well.

Mrs. Vernon. It is the same with all other animals. They can move of themselves as they will; they can see, feel, smell, hear, and taste, like us; they are then like us living and animated beings. Your doll can do nothing of all that; your doll is therefore a lifeless and inanimate being, such as that table and these chairs.

Paulina.

Paulina. I have then something more than these chairs, that table, and my doll, but what have I more than the cat?

Mrs. Vernon. One thing very precious, and of which we will speak in another conversation; one thing which you could find out even in your question, for pufs in her whole life would not be able to make me that question.

THE SENSATIONS.

MRS. VERNON, and PAULINA her Daughter.

Mrs. Vernon. Paulina, shut your eyes, and do not open them till I tell you. Very well. Now think of Nancy. Is it not as if you see her?

Paulina. Yes, mama; I seem to see her in reality.

Mrs. Vernon. And how do you see her?

Paulina. As if she were before me; or, rather, as if she were in my head.

Mrs. Vernon. Very well, Paulina, when Nancy being absent, you see her, notwithstanding, as if she were in your head, or before you, then you represent to yourself what is called Nancy's image.

Paulina.

Paulina. May I now open my eyes?

Mrs. Vernon. Yes, my child. But tell me, as you have just thought of Nancy, cannot you think also in the same manner of your little brother, your sister, your doll, and your grand-mama's house.

Paulina. Yes, certainly; I thought of all you have just said as fast as you named them.

Mrs. Vernon. Is it not as though you had all these objects before you when you think of them?

Paulina. Yes, mama, I see them before me, as though I had my eyes open. Why did you make me shut them just now?

Mrs. Vernon. Because not being taken up with anything else, you must think entirely on Nancy, and, consequently, retrace her image more lively. You must also have better remarked, what properly happens when one thinks of any thing; but you may think, even when you have your eyes open. For example, think now of your little brother. Do you not see his image, without having occasion to shut your eyes?

Paulina. Yes, mama, I see him smile at me.

Mr. Vernon. Now think of the table that is below in the dining-room. Would you not be able to tell me exactly what colour it is, as though you see it. Is it black or white?

Paulina.

Paulina. Neither the one nor the other, *mama*; it is chefnut colour.

Mrs. Vernon. Is it round or square?

Paulina. It is round.

Mrs. Vernon. Wonderful! You see then that in thinking of the table, you can represent its image to yourself, and tell me its colour and its form as well as if it were under your eyes.

Paulina. That is true, *mama*; but how does it happen?

Mrs. Vernon. That table has made a strong impresson on your sight, which is, as you know, one of your senses; that impresson once made is sufficient to recall the image of the table every time that you think of it.

Paulina. But, *mama*, it sometimes happens that I think of things which I have never seen. For example, I figure to myself, at this moment, a doll twice as large as my own; I give her a fine gold and silver gown, pearl bracelets, and a diamond necklace. I have never really seen a doll of such a size, nor so well adorned. How then is it that I can represent to myself its image?

Mrs. Vernon. That explanation would actually lead us too far; it is sufficient that you comprehend, that in thinking of a thing which you have looked at attentively, you can represent to yourself its image whenever you please. But tell me,

me, does it not often happen to you to hear a drum, smell a rose, eat strawberries, and touch satin?

Paulina. Yes, certainly, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. Think of the drum. What happens from it?

Paulina. I think I hear the noise of it.

Mrs. Vernon. And the rose?

Paulina. I think I smell the sweet odour of it.

Mrs. Vernon. And the strawberries?

Paulina. I think I taste them; they make my mouth water.

Mrs. Vernon. And the satin?

Paulina. I think I feel it yet. O how soft it is under my fingers!

Mrs. Vernon. Do you comprehend, Paulina, these objects have before made a lively impression on your senses; the drum on your hearing; the rose on your smell; the strawberries on your taste, and the satin on your feeling. These impressions are called Sensations. You recall each object when you think of it, and the effect it has produced on you is nearly the same as that the recollection produces again at this moment; but I am afraid of fatiguing your mind. We will renew this conversation another time.

Paulina. As you like, mama; but be, however, persuaded, that I shall never be tired of talking with you.

THE

THE DEAD BIRD.

MRS. VERNON, and PAULINA her Daughter.

Paulina. See, see, mama, there is a little bird laid on the ground asleep.

Mrs. Vernon. That bird is not asleep, my child; birds never stretch themselves on the ground thus to sleep; when they feel sleep coming on, they go and perch on a branch, where they hold themselves strongly hooked with their feet, and their head hid under one of their wings, they shut their eyes and fall asleep.

Paulina. What is that bird doing then, mama?

Mrs. Vernon. Go and pick it up, and I will tell you.

Paulina. But, mama, if I go near, the bird will fly away.

Mrs. Vernon. No, no, Paulina, it will not fly away, I'll answer for it.

(Paulina goes to pick up the bird.)

Paulina. O see, mama, it no longer knows how to support its shaking head, and its eyes are shut!

Mrs. Vernon. Hold, touch its body; the poor creature is still quite warm; its little feet and wings have not yet lost their suppleness.

Paulina.

Paulina. But, mama, why does it not fly away?

Mrs. Vernon. Do you recollect, Paulina, that I told you the other day the birds, the cat, and all animals, are living and animated, because they can move of themselves, and are capable of seeing, hearing, and feeling; but that your doll is not living and animated, because she can do nothing of all this?

Paulina. Yes, mama, I recollect it.

Mrs. Vernon. Very well, my child. That bird has been living and animated, because it was able to move of itself, and was capable of hearing, seeing, and feeling, as well as other birds; but now it is no longer living and animated, because it cannot move of itself any more, and is incapable of hearing, seeing, or feeling. See, I am going to prick it with a pin.

Paulina. O mama, if you should hurt it.

Mrs. Vernon. Fear nothing, my child, I will not hurt it (*she pricks the bird with a pin in different parts.*) Hold, see if it stirs. It feels no more of my pricking it than your doll would feel of it. If that bird were still alive and animated, and I were to prick it as I do now, or you were to clap your hands, or to pretend to drive it away with your handkerchief, then it would feel the prick, hear the noise of your
of

hands, or see the motion of your handkerchief, and instantly fly away; or if I should hold it by the beak, as I hold it now, we should see it struggle to try to escape; but were I to prick it a thousand times with the pin, were you to clap with your hands, or to threaten it with your handkerchief as much as you please, the poor bird will know nothing about it; it can neither see, hear, nor feel.

Paulina. When will it be able to do all that again, mama?

Mrs. Vernon. It will never be able to do it again, Paulina. When a creature once ceases to be living and animated, it is no longer capable of again becoming so. It will no more sing, eat, drink, or fly about with the other birds.

Paulina. But, mama, what hinders it?

Mrs. Vernon. Its being dead.

Paulina. And what is that being dead?

Mrs. Vernon. I do not know, Paulina, if I shall be able to explain it to you. You see clearly that bird no longer appears to be the same as at the time when it was alive. Its head, beak, feet, and wings are no longer like the other birds which fly around us.

Paulina. That is true, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. You can then conceive by that, Paulina, that in the body of a living bird there
must

must be something which is not to be found in the body of a dead bird; and as that is what makes a living bird able to move of itself, that is what also makes a dead bird incapable of having any movement of its own.

Paulina. And what is that thing, mama?

Mrs. Vernon. That which makes a living bird able to move of itself, and makes it also capable of hearing, seeing, and feeling, is called animal life. As long as that life is in the body of a bird, so long that bird is living and animated, capable of moving of itself as well as of hearing, seeing, and feeling; but from the instant when life goes out of the body of the bird, the bird ceases to breathe, and is then dead, that is to say, incapable of hearing, seeing, feeling, and moving of itself.

Paulina But, mama, how do you know that life is not in it?

Mrs. Vernon. I can know it is no longer in the body of a bird, when that bird can no longer move of itself, and is incapable of hearing, seeing, and feeling. Hold, look here, I am going to open this one's eyes. Pass your hand backwards and forwards before them. If the poor creature were still alive, it would see your hand, and try to fly away; but now it is dead it sees nothing, although its eyes be open,
and

and turned towards you. If I had a lighted candle here, you would see it glisten in the bird's eyes ; and notwithstanding that, the bird would not see it. It must be then that in the body of that bird, while it yet lived, there was something that made it see with its eyes, and that thing which we call the life of the bird, being no longer in it, it can no longer see.

Paulina Ah ! I begin to understand, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. Would you wish me to try to make it still clearer to you by a comparison ?

Paulina. Would I wish, mama ! You could not give me greater pleasure.

Mrs. Vernon. It is the same as if you were in your room, the window open, and you look into the garden ; as long as you are in your room, and before the window, you can see in the garden all that passes there ; but if you go out of your room, will you be longer able to see through the window ?

Paulina. No, certainly not, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. Very well, my child ; it is the same with the life of the bird ; as long as life is in the bird's body, it sees through the creature's eyes all that passes around it, as you see through your room window all that passes outside ; but as soon as the life of the bird has left its body, then its eyes being open are of no more use than your
room

room window being open when you are not there. Thus the eyes, like the window, are wide open, but there is no longer any thing to look out of them.

Paulina. That is true, mama ; but if I again enter my room, I can still see very well through the window.

Mrs. Vernon. Yes, doubtless, my child ; and if life could re-enter into the body of the bird, before it becomes corrupted, it would again be able to see with its eyes as before. But here is the difference, you can always re-enter into your room when you will ; but when the life of the bird is once gone out of its body, it re-enters there no more, and that is the reason why a dead bird can no longer see, nor use any other of its senses, any more than it can move of itself.

Paulina. And is it the same with us when we die ?

Mrs. Vernon. Alas ! yes, my child. But this subject would lead us now too far, it must therefore be reserved for a time when you will be better enabled to comprehend what I shall have to say to you upon it.

MAN SUPERIOR TO ANIMALS.

MRS. VERNON, and PAULINA her Daughter.

Mrs. Vernon. Paulina, we proved the other day that you have something more than your doll, because you can move of yourself, you can see, feel, smell, hear, and taste, and your doll can do nothing of all this. Do you still remember it?

Paulina. Yes, very well, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. But do you also remember, we afterwards observed that dogs, cats, and birds could move of themselves, and were as equally capable of seeing, feeling, smelling, hearing, and tasting as we are?

Paulina. O, I have not forgot it.

Mrs. Vernon. You asked me, on that occasion, what you then had more than the cat.

Paulina. Yes, I recollect it; and you, on your side, promised to inform me. I am not less curious to day than I was the other day.

Mrs. Vernon. Let us see if I shall be able, in the end, to explain it to you. Answer me first, can you do any thing that the cat could not do?

Paulina. Yes, mama, I can dress my doll, and the cat at most could only know how to

K

undress

undress her, with a stroke of her claw, as it has happened more than once.

Mrs. Vernon. Is this all that you can do more than her?

Paulina. No, mama, I can chatter with you all day long, and the cat has never a word to say to you.

Mrs. Vernon. That is true. The cat would not know how to speak. But do not you remember, my child, that we saw the other day, at my sister's, two parrots, which had just been made a present to her. Those parrots talked astonishingly. We heard them say very plainly, "Scratch, scratch Poll. Have you breakfasted, Poll?" and many other similar phrases.

Paulina. That is true, mama. But my aunt assured me neither the one parrot nor the other knew how to say any thing but what they had learned, from its being constantly repeated to them; they had only the same words at their tongue's end, and they always gave the same answer to whatever question was put to them, because they knew not any thing else, and understood nothing of what was said to them.

Mrs. Vernon. My sister was right. Except two or three things, to which they have accustomed a parrot, as you have accustomed your dog to come when he is called, it does not comprehend

prehend a syllable of the discourse which is held to it. But you, Paulina, you understand what we ask you, you pay attention to it, and before answering you reflect on what you ought to say. When you have well reflected, your answer is agreeable to the question that we asked you, and then we say you have answered rationally, and therefore are possessed of reason.

Paulina. O, I understand. Instead of which the parrot cannot reflect on what it ought to answer, because it is not possessed of reason.

Mrs. Vernon. Yes, Paulina, reason, that is the word, and it is precisely what you have more than the parrot and the cat.

Paulina. Thus animals have no reason at all then, mama?

Mrs. Vernon. They have only a weak faculty which is called instinct, and which extends but little farther than what serves to preserve their lives. For example, when you cry puss, puss, the cat hears, and she understands that you call her to give her some milk, or something to eat; then she runs towards you, sets up her tail, and purrs for you to give her what is necessary to continue her life. The same when you say, Get along, she understands again that you would perhaps kill her, if she should stay any longer, and she takes to flight to preserve her life, but

that is all. She can understand nothing more, whatever you say to her, and it is nearly the same with all other animals. Instead of which we can comprehend all that is said to us, and converse among ourselves on all sorts of subjects, and from that cause we alone are properly said to be possessed of reason.

Paulina. This is a great advantage we have over animals.

Mrs. Vernon. You will feel the value of it still better, when you have exercised your reason more; that is to say, when you are capable of reflecting with more attention.

Paulina. Ah, mama, pray help me to reflect.

Mrs. Vernon. It is the principal object of all our discourse. But let us continue. We said the other day that birds are possessed of animal life, which makes them living and animated; that is to say, they can move of themselves, and they are capable of hearing, seeing, and feeling. Have we also animal life, Paulina, or have we not?

Paulina. I know nothing of it mama; I have never seen it.

Mrs. Vernon. Nor I neither. Yet as I see that we are able to move of ourselves, as well as living birds, I am sensible there must be in us likewise something which gives our bodies motion.

motion. This something, which in birds is called animal life, is in us called the soul. But, my child, look down there at that curtain.

Paulina. O, mama, my little brother is certainly behind there, with Nancy and my sister, who are playing at bo-peep to amuse him.

Mrs. Vernon. And how do you know that? You do not see them.

Paulina. That is true. I do not see them, mama, but, I think, they must be behind there, because I see the curtain stir, just as it does when they play at bo-peep.

Mrs. Vernon. You are right. You do not see either your little brother, or Nancy, or your sister, but from the motion of the curtain you can judge they are behind. Very well, Paulina, it is just so with our souls. I neither see your soul nor my own, but I see that you live, and that you can move of yourself. Now we have seen, the other day, from the example of the dead bird, that a body cannot move of itself, when there is nothing within to give it motion. Thus I can now judge by the motion of your body, that there must be a soul there which makes it move, although I do not see that soul myself; as you now judge that your brother, your sister, and Nancy are behind the curtain, though you do not see them; because you see

the curtain stir, in the same manner as your brother and sister are used to stir it, when they play at bo-peep with Nancy.

Paulina. I have a soul then, mama; and what is that soul, pray?

Mrs. Vernon. As yet, my child, you are too young to comprehend it entirely; it will therefore be sufficient at present to explain to you that it is quite another thing from the body; for a body, when it has no soul or animal life within it, cannot move of itself at all, as you have seen by the dead bird; but a soul can move of itself, it can also move as it will the body it animates. Thus the soul must be quite a different thing to the body, since the soul only has the action, and the body has none without the soul. A bird, while it is living, that is, while life animates it, can fly and rest itself, eat and drink, sing and do any thing it will; but a dead bird, because life no longer animates it, can do nothing of that, but remains motionless, as you saw it the other day.

Paulina. That is true, mama, the bird no longer moved.

Mrs. Vernon. And was it not as insensible as it was motionless?

Paulina. Yes, without doubt; for we pricked it with a pin, without its feeling, or knowing any thing of it.

Mrs.

Mrs. Vernon. That was because life was no longer in it. A body can feel nothing of itself, or have any knowledge of any thing. It is properly the life that feels, and has a knowledge of what passes around it. It is that which gives animals the weak understanding of which they are susceptible, and which is called instinct, as it is the soul which gives the human race a superior understanding, which is called reason; that alone renders the body living, and capable of feeling, hearing, smelling, tasting, and of moving itself; or rather it is that which spreads through all parts, which hears with its ears, sees with its eyes, smells with its nose, tastes with its mouth, and which moves at its will, either altogether, or only in whichever of its members it pleases. Finally, without your soul you would not be able to understand what I have just said to you, nor to feel how much that understanding exalts you above animals.

Paulina. If it be my soul which makes me love you, mama, how ought I to thank heaven for having given it to me!

IMAGINATION.

MRS. VERNON, and PAULINA her Daughter.

Mrs. Vernon. Look here, Paulina, I am going to open this drawer. What is there within it?

Paulina. A white ribbon with red stripes, and little flowers between the stripes. O, how pretty it is!

Mrs. Vernon. Now shut your eyes. Cannot you still represent to yourself what there is in the drawer?

Paulina (her eyes shut). Yes, certainly, mama. A white ribbon with red stripes. It is as though I still see the little flowers.

Mrs. Vernon. You see this ribbon nearly as you would see your doll in the looking-glass, if she were placed behind you in such a manner that you could not see her otherwise; then you would not see the doll herself any more than you now see the ribbon, you would only see in the looking-glass a representation or an image of the doll. Let us try. Open your eyes. I will put your doll behind you on that table. Can you see the doll, remaining as you are, without turning yourself round?

Paulina. No, mama.

Mrs.

Mrs. Vernon. I will now place a looking-glass before you. Look in it.

Paulina. Now I see the doll very well.

Mrs. Vernon. That is, you see in the looking-glass the representation or image of the doll. Is it not almost the same as you saw just now in your head, the representation or image of the white ribbon with red stripes and little flowers?

Paulina. It is so, mama. Is there then a looking-glass in my head where I see the ribbon?

Mrs. Vernon. No, my child, there is no looking-glass in your head; and this is the difference: in the looking-glass you can but see images of the things which you really set before it. If you would see yourself in the looking-glass, you must necessarily place yourself before it. If you would see your doll there, you must necessarily place her in the same manner. Is it not so?

Paulina. Yes, without doubt, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. But your mind can clearly represent to you the images of things which are neither near, before, nor around you. For example, what is there hanging up in your room against the wall, between the window and the bed?

Paulina. There is, mama, your picture and papa's.

Mrs. Vernon. You can represent to yourself

these pictures, quite as well as you represented the ribbon to yourself just now ?

Paulina. Yes, indeed, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. And notwithstanding that, those pictures are not before you, but in another room. Let us go still farther. What hung on that tree under which we staid talking so long the other day in your grandmama's garden ?

Paulina. There were fine peaches, which will very soon be ripe.

Mrs. Vernon. And what colour were these peaches ?

Paulina. They were white, but beginning to turn a fine carnation colour.

Mrs. Vernon. You see by that, Paulina, that it is quite different with your mind and the looking-glass. The looking-glass can only represent to you what is actually before it, instead of which your mind can represent to you all you wish, however distant the object may be.

Paulina. That is true, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. Shall I tell you now what that faculty is called, by which our minds have the power of thus representing objects ?

Paulina. Yes, mama, you will oblige me.

Mrs. Vernon. That faculty is called Imagination.

MEMORY

MEMORY.

MRS. VERNON, and PAULINA her Daughter.

Mrs. Vernon. Could you tell me, Paulina, what you did yesterday at your aunt's?

Paulina. Yes, perfectly well mama. We went before dinner to visit the pigeons, the fowls, and the aviary; and in the afternoon we rode in a pretty garden-chair the whole length of the grove.

Mrs. Vernon. Can you also tell me what you did last week at your grandmama's, the day your uncle and aunt were there at dinner?

Paulina. O, yes, mama, we had a ride in a little boat on the river. O, it was very pleasant.

Mrs. Vernon. Very well, Paulina, you have remembered it all wonderfully. You see by this that your mind has the faculty of being able to represent to you all that you have done. And what happened when we rode in the little boat, and were to go under the bridge?

Paulina. The pulley where the cord passed through, which held the sail, fell into the water. My papa, uncle, and cousin sought it a long while, but were not able to find it; therefore we were obliged to return to the house, because they could no longer hoist the sail.

Mrs. Vernon. Your account is very exact. Here are all the circumstances attending that accident. You see also by that, my child, that your mind has the faculty of being able to represent to you all that has passed under your eyes, as though you had done it yourself.

Paulina. That is true, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. And do you know what that faculty of our mind is called?

Paulina. Is it not, mama, what is called Memory?

Mrs. Vernon. Yes, Paulina.

Paulina. Is it not that also which makes me remember what I am told, and what I have read?

Mrs. Vernon. It is the same. But, Paulina, do you recollect all that was said at your grand-mama's table? Do you remember, for example, what your aunt told, relative to a certain little boy?

Paulina. No, mama, I no longer remember it.

Mrs. Vernon. You were however present when your aunt made that recital. You understood it also very well, for you began laughing; and what is more, is, that at your return in the evening you recounted that story to Nancy, therefore it was then in your memory.

Paulina. That might be, mama; but at present

sent I no longer remember any thing at all of it. I must have forgot it.

Mrs. Vernon. I will try if I shall be able to succeed in restoring to your mind the faculty of representing that story, as it had the evening you related it to Nancy.

Paulina. O, do try, mama, do try.

Mrs. Vernon. Did not your aunt say that the little boy was gone to walk in a meadow, and that he ran after the butterflies? Think well of it. What happened to him then?

Paulina. Then——Then——O, mama, I recollect now the rest of the story. As he did not look at his feet, he came to the edge of a ditch, and rolled to the bottom. His papa had the greatest trouble in the world to get him out; he no longer knew him under the mask of mud which he had on his face.

Mrs. Vernon. That is precisely the whole of the story. I have had no trouble in again putting your mind in a state to represent it, because it is not long since you heard it; but if in a few years I should try to recall it to your recollection, you would perhaps remember it no more, or I may have forgot it myself.

Paulina. That may be, mama; but at least I am very sure of not forgetting through life your kindness in instructing me.

REASON

REASON AND JUDGMENT.

MRS. VERNON, and PAULINA her Daughter.

Mrs. Vernon. Paulina, can you tell me what reason is? I have already explained it to you.

Paulina. Yes, mama, it is —, it is —, I cannot well express it; but I feel it. For example, I have reason, and animals have not.

Mrs. Vernon. For your better recollecting what is properly understood by reason, I will tell you that you shew you are possessed of reason, when you clearly understand what I say to you, and answer to the purpose. You also shew it, when, on all occasions which offer, you reflect on what you ought to do. Would you like me to give you an example?

Paulina. I should like it much, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. Suppose you had, at this moment, the fancy of walking in the street; the first thing you have to do is to descend into the street: is not that true?

Paulina. O, there is nothing more certain.

Mrs. Vernon. You must then begin by reflecting on what you must do to get there.

Paulina. That is very true again.

Mrs. Vernon. We are here near a window that
is

is open, and that overlooks the street: through that window it is easy to go into the road when we wish it. Stay, look, I will throw out this bit of paper: it is there already. We can go then into the street by passing through the window, and there is no shorter way.

Paulina. I allow it.

Mrs. Vernon. This way is not, however, the only one: there is yet another. Near the room door is a stair-case that descends into the court; then, in crossing the court, we arrive at the gate that opens into the street; which of these two ways do you think the best?

Paulina. But, mama, I cannot go through the window!

Mrs. Vernon. Why not, since it is open? You could jump out yourself, or I could throw you out, as I have just now thrown the slip of paper: and, certainly, by taking this way, you would be much sooner in the street than if you go there by the stairs, the court, and the house gate.

Paulina. But, mama, I should fall if you throw me out of the window!

Mrs. Vernon. Yes, truly, Paulina; I would even wager that you would break a leg, then you would indeed be in the street; but you could not walk there. You would be obliged to be carried to your bed, where you would probably remain
during

during six weeks without being able to stir. You can now tell me which is best, to go very speedily into the street through the window, breaking one or both legs; or to go much slower, by the stair-case and the court, preserving all your limbs whole?

Paulina. It is not difficult to chuse, mama; it is better to take the longest way.

Mrs. Vernon. And why, my child?

Paulina. If to get sooner into the road I must break my leg, of what use would it be getting there, since I could not walk about?

Mrs. Vernon. Your reflection is very just, Paulina; but do you know what we have done by all this talking?

Paulina. No, mama, I am ignorant of it.

Mrs. Vernon. We have made use of our reason to find out which was the best way of going into the street; whether to jump out of the window, or to descend by the stair-case; and we have found that the last way was the best. Shall I tell you how we have attained it?

Paulina. That will give me pleasure, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. We have first found out what the advantages and inconveniences were of each of these two ways of going into the street; that of jumping out of the window, or of descending by the stairs. By this research, we have found
that

that the advantage of jumping out of the window was the getting much sooner into the street; but that the inconvenience attached to it was the risk of breaking a leg. The inconvenience, on the contrary, of descending into the street by the stairs, was that of being longer on the way; but of finding in return the advantage of not running the hazard of having a broken leg. Is not that, my child, what passed in our minds?

Paulina. Yes, mama, I can answer for mine.

Mrs. Vernon. After we had found these advantages and inconveniences, we compared them one with the other, and said, which is best, to arrive a little sooner in the street, and break a leg, or to be a little longer on the way, and preserve our bodies whole. After this comparison, we judged it was best to stay longer on the way; and thus we must go into the street, not by the window, but by the stairs and the court. Do you comprehend that?

Paulina. Yes, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. Well, my child, when we thus examine the inconveniences and advantages of any thing, and compare them together to decide which part we ought to take; that operation is called reasoning, and the conclusion we draw from it is called judgment. Shall I give you another example of reason and judgment?

Paulina.

Paulina. O, mama, you will give me great pleasure.

Mrs. Vernon. You know very well that your aunt's two parrots say certain words almost the same as human creatures, in such a manner that we might be deceived by them.

Paulina. Yes, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. Suppose us now to be before your aunt's dining-room, and that we heard a talking through the door which is shut; how do you think we must judge, without entering into that room, whether it be the parrots which speak, or the two servants?

Paulina. Could not we recollect them by the voice?

Mrs. Vernon. That means would not be infallible, since we have agreed, just now, that the parrots know so well how to imitate the human voice, that we might mistake it.

Paulina. That is true.

Mrs. Vernon. We must find out, then, another more certain method.

Paulina. O, how is that to be done?

Mrs. Vernon. Seek in your head. What is that which you would imagine? Always supposing us prohibited from entering into the room where they are talking.

Paulina. Indeed, mama, I do not know.

Mrs.

Mrs. Vernon. And if we hear what they say, you know the parrots, according to your own expression, have never any other than the same words at their tongue's end.

Paulina. Yes, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. Thus, then, if we lend an ear to what they say in the dining-room; and we were to hear constantly, "Scratch, scratch, poll. Have you breakfasted, poll?" who should we suppose said these words?

Paulina. The parrots, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. You are right, the parrots *can* say these words, and they say them continually. There is great reason to believe that the servants would not be occupied in saying incessantly to one another, "Scratch, scratch, poll. Have you breakfasted, poll?" for that is not very amusing: do you think it is?

Paulina. No, indeed, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. But if we hear said, "Mary, have you counted the covers?" "No, Fanny, I shall not count them until after I have folded up the table-cloth." If we still hear a continuation of this kind of discourse concerning the house affairs, could we attribute it in the same manner to the parrots?

Paulina. No, mama, it would be nearer right to think they were the servants who speak so.

Mrs.

Mrs. Vernon. That is what we should think in reality ; and our reason would have been employed, by reasoning and deciding thus. For we should have compared what the parrots generally say, with what the servants may say in doing their household work ; and this comparison would have led us to judge, by the nature of the discourse, if it were held by the parrots or the servants.

Paulina. I thank you, mama, for having taught me the use of my reason. I will use it to reason by myself on all I may see or hear ; and I will afterwards come and consult you on the judgment that I shall have made.

LIBERTY AND WILL.

MRS. VERNON, and PAULINA her Daughter.

Paulina. Mama, I have just set all my little matters properly to rights, as you ordered me. There is nothing more left about in my room. What shall I do now ?

Mrs. Vernon. You can go and work in your garden, or entertain yourself with your great doll ; which of these two amusements pleases you the most ? I leave the liberty of chusing entirely to you.

Paulina.

Paulina. I think, mama, I shall have the most pleasure in playing with my doll.

Mrs. Vernon. As you like : but it seems to me a long time since you worked in your garden. I just now gave a glance there in passing, and I thought I saw a great quantity of weeds : the flowers also appeared to me to be drooping on their stalks. Surely you have let some days pass without watering them.

Paulina. That is true, mama, you make me remember it.

Mrs. Vernon. The flowers suffer much from the heat and drought : would it not be proper to go to their assistance ?

Paulina. O, they can wait a while ; instead of which, my doll is longing to try on her new apron. I must see if it fits her well.

Mrs. Vernon. You are mistress, as I told you, of satisfying your fancy on that point ; but I only ask one moment's reflection. If you let your garden be exhausted by weeds, and if you neglect to water it, the flowers will be to-morrow yet more drooping than they are to-day. To-morrow morning, you know, we shall set out early, to go and pass the day at your grand-mama's, and shall not return till night ; but if your flowers want water during two more days, they will, perhaps, be after to-morrow in such a
bad

bad state, that all the water in the reservoir would not be able to enliven them.

Paulina. O, that would be a great pity !

Mrs. Vernon. And after that your garden would be stripped during six weeks, till the time for the autumnal flowers : for you well know that your papa said to you, in giving each of you a small corner of ground, " Those who neglect their gardens, and let their flowers die, shall have no more all the season."

Paulina. That is true, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. And now which is best in your opinion, to have the momentary pleasure of playing with your doll, and afterwards to experience, during six weeks, the vexation of seeing nothing but weeds in your garden ; or to give up your doll for an hour or two, which you can play with every day, and go and work in your garden, that you may enjoy, during all the rest of the summer, the pleasure of seeing it ornamented with the most beautiful flowers ?

Paulina. From the manner in which you represent things, mama, it appears to me that there is not much to consider about.

Mrs. Vernon. I think so too.

Paulina. My choice is made, I shall go down into my garden directly.

Mrs. Vernon. That will be very right. But
stop

stop yet a moment, Paulina, you must first remark with me what we have done. Lend me all your attention.

Paulina. Let us hear, mama, I am listening to you.

Mrs. Vernon. Have we not been reasoning on your doll and your garden, as we reasoned yesterday on the window and stairs? Have we not examined the advantages and inconveniences of playing with your doll, or of going to work in the garden, to find out which of the two was the best to be done?

Paulina. That is true, mama, I did not think of it.

Mrs. Vernon. And what were you doing when you said it was better to go and work in your garden than play with your doll?

Paulina. I remember, mama, this is a judgment which I have made.

Mrs. Vernon. Wonderful! my child. But when you afterwards said, Come, my choice is made, I shall go down into my garden directly?

Paulina. You have not yet taught me, mama, how that is called?

Mrs. Vernon. I will tell you presently. Answer me first, is it not of yourself that you have decided to go and work in your garden?

Paulina. Yes, mama.

Mrs.

Mrs. Vernon. Although you have made this choice, because it seemed best to you, to follow it; are you not free to give the other the preference in your mind?

Paulina. Yes, mama, it only depends on myself.

Mrs. Vernon. Well, Paulina, this power that our mind has of deciding, by choice, between two or many offers, which to accept, is called Liberty; and the operation by which our mind decides to follow from preference, is called Will.

Paulina. I thank you, mama, for this little instruction. I shall endeavour to retain it.

Mrs. Vernon. Come, give me a kiss, and do not lose a moment in going to work in your garden.

ON ELIZABETH HAWS,

AS A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION, IS INSCRIBED,
BY HER YOUNG MISTRESS, THIS

EPITAPH.

Pause, pilgrim, pause! beneath this clay-cold
earth

Rests what was once inestimable worth;
Close by this stone the empty casket lies;
The precious pearl has gain'd her native skies.

Blest

Blest with a feeling heart and kindred mind,
She was a daughter good, a sister kind ;
She was a servant, but still more, a friend !
For inclination did with duty blend ;
Faithful and honest in her every trust,
She lov'd her God, and knew his chastening just.
Though sickness made her suffer many a year,
She ne'er repin'd, or thought her lot severe ;
Her last sad smile on me she did bestow,
And dying cried, " Grieve not for me below"—
Her Maker sent the Messenger of Death,
And claim'd, in prime of life, her fleeting breath.
Beware, ye proud ! nor scorn her humble state,
Alas ! how soon may you partake her fate !
Emperor or peasant, well or ill prepar'd,
When Heav'n commands no mortal can be spar'd.
Take warning then, she leads a blessed road ;
Be good ! and you, like her, shall live with God.
Think not this stone to flatt'ry e'er inclines,
Her Mistress knew her worth and trac'd these
lines.

All Nature's weak ; I weep o'er mouldering clay,
But joy to think HAWs lives in endless day.

FABLE, TALE, HISTORY.

MRS. VERNON, and PAULINA her Daughter.

Mrs. Vernon. Paulina, when you play with your doll, does it not sometimes happen that you talk to her as if you were her governess, and as if she could understand your discourse?

Paulina. Yes, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. And do you not act afterwards as if she answered you, and refused to follow the wise instructions which you give her? Have you not often come and said to me, "Mama, the doll cries, and will not be good; she minds nothing that I say to her?" or else, "The doll is good now, she promises not to cry any more." You know very well, notwithstanding that, the doll can neither be good nor naughty, and that she can neither cry nor promise not to cry.

Paulina. That is true, mama; it is only in play that I say that.

Mrs. Vernon. I make myself sometimes of the party, and say to the doll, "My child, pray do not be so turbulent, your screaming distracts your mama's head. If you continue to make such a noise, I shall be obliged to make you do penance in the corner."

corner." Another time I say to her, "My dear child, will you never cease being obstinate? It is your duty to be tractable and obedient. Come, you must not cry, bite your lips, and let your head fall on your shoulder!" You know very well that notwithstanding the discourse I hold to your doll, I am well persuaded she neither understands, nor can do any thing of all that.

Paulina. O, without doubt, mama; and you only do it to play with me.

Mrs. Vernon. That is certainly one of my motives, my dear girl; but I have yet another more serious, do not you guess it?

Paulina. No, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. It is that I wish, whilst you are playing, to teach you what you ought to do, and what you ought to avoid. For example, when I tell your doll that her cries stun me, and threaten her with making her do penance in the corner, it is to lead your mind to make this reflection—"If I cry I shall distract mama's head, and shall be punished."

Paulina. That is a very good way indeed.

Mrs. Vernon. And when I say to the cat, "Fie, puss, how shocking it is to be so naughty. You must not scratch, because we hurt you a little without intending it, in playing with you, otherwise nobody will ever play with you, but leave

you to pout all alone by yourself, like a wild cat." You well know the cat understands my discourse no better than the doll.

Paulina. O, no, indeed.

Mrs. Vernon. For what reason do you think I say that to the cat?

Paulina. I believe I can guess, mama; it is to teach me, without seeming to intend it, that I ought not to pinch, or scratch, or fight, when through accident in playing any one hurts me a little; because I should not find any body to play with me any more.

Mrs. Vernon. You have guessed right. Thus when I afterwards say, "Puss ought to be sorry for having behaved so ill, she ought to ask pardon, and promise not to be so naughty for the future," it is not that I am in hopes of seeing the cat profit by this advice; it is to teach you indirectly what you ought to do in similar circumstances.

Paulina. O, I feel the lesson forcibly, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. When we wish in play to instruct children, or even grown people, in what they ought to do, and what avoid, we tell them that on a similar occasion, such and such animals acted in such and such a manner. This is not said to make them believe that really happened, because oftentimes they are things which every
body

body knows beasts cannot do ; but only to shew them what is right and wrong, and what are commonly the consequences of such actions.

Paulina. That is not ill judged, at least.

Mrs. Vernon. To make the instruction clearer, and the lesson more striking, they have taken care to arrange the recital in such a way, that it happens exactly the same to the animals as it would happen to children or grown people, if they were to act in the same manner as they have made the animals to act. This recital or narrative is called a Fable. I shall give you an example of it.

Paulina. You will give me great pleasure, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. To put you in a way to clearly comprehend the Fable that I am going to relate to you, I must first tell you, there are countries where wild beasts, such as wolves, tygers, bears, leopards, and lions, are met with in the forests.

Paulina. O, yes, mama, I have already seen some in my pictures.

Mrs. Vernon. These animals are just the same as those you have seen represented, only larger. They eat all other animals which they can catch. That is the reason why they are called wild beasts, or carnivorous animals. They attack even the largest animals, such as horses and oxen, although they are much smaller.

Paulina. How does it happen then that they succeed in throwing them down.

Mrs. Vernon. It is because, notwithstanding their small size, they are possessed of prodigious strength; they have besides more agility, and they are continually animated with a degree of fury that makes them brave all sort of danger.

Paulina. I should not like to meet any of them in my way.

Mr. Vernon. I believe it. But let us return. To shew people what advantage those who are weakest may find, by closely uniting themselves against those who are strongest, and how it concerns them for that end to live always in good understanding among themselves, here is the Fable that has been devised.

Paulina. O, let me hear it, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. Attend.

THE OXEN QUARRELLING.

A FABLE.

In a country overrun with wild beasts, there were a number of oxen which grazed quietly in the midst of a spacious field. As they lived together in perfect union, and were always ready mutually to defend each other, no wild beast dared

dared to attack them. As soon as they perceived one roaming about at a distance to try to surprize them, they ran to one another, and arranged themselves in a circle, with their heads outward, menacing the common enemy with ripping him up with their pointed horns. The circle being well enclosed on all sides, none of them could be attacked behind, which was the only way of conquering them.

As long as they maintained this good understanding, they lived numerous and tranquil; but at last, from a trifle, they came to a serious dispute; and as none of them would submit and acknowledge themselves in the wrong, they loaded one another with invectives, and finished by separating each to their own side.

They were not long in feeling the fatal consequences of this separation. When a wild beast appeared they no longer ran to range themselves side by side in a close circle, to defend each other reciprocally. He who was attacked the first, saw himself abandoned by all his companions, who thought of nothing but their own personal affairs. In this manner they had many devoured in a few days.

If at least this example had rendered the others wiser, and they had engaged to re-unite themselves, they would still have been in a state, not-

withstanding their losses, to defend themselves against their enemies. Instead of that their quarrel became more earnest than ever. One reproached another with being the first cause of their misfortunes. From reproaches they came to goring each other with their horns. The noise of the combat having drawn their enemies out of the forest, they took advantage of the fatigue and weakness of the combatants, to kill them all, one after another, so that there was not even one remained to tell this fatal event to his kindred.

You see by this, Paulina, what a Fable is. From the manner in which I have related to you this of the oxen, you clearly comprehend that such an event has never happened, and that it even never could have happened.

Paulina. O, yes, mama, I believe it.

Mrs. Vernon. And why do you think it?

Paulina. Because the oxen are incapable of speaking, and consequently of making the answers which led them into a quarrel.

Mrs. Vernon. Very well, Paulina. There is however something of truth in my recital.

Paulina. What is it then, mama?

Mrs. Vernon. In the first place, it is because there are wild beasts which attack oxen to de-

your

your them. Secondly, oxen placing themselves in a circle with the horns outwards, can very well defend themselves against their enemies. Lastly, if they were not to defend themselves mutually in that manner, or some other, they would not be able to resist the wild beasts attacking them separately.

Paulina. Yes, mama, I can easily conceive these three truths.

Mrs. Vernon. But as you have very well observed yourself, it is not true that oxen can tell each other their injuries; and that these injuries animate them so one against another, that they refuse to lend each other mutual assistance against the common enemy when they are attacked. We may see this among men, but never among animals.

Paulina. How then, mama! Is it possible that this can happen among men?

Mrs. Vernon. Alas! yes, my dear girl. Were your reason a little more matured, you would see clearly, at this moment, that men are foolish enough, not only to divide among themselves when they ought to unite, but even to fight obstinately one against the other, although they be surrounded with enemies who threaten them all equally. It must be allowed that oxen have never been guilty of such madness.

Paulina. But, mama, you have, notwithstanding, told me that human beings have more sense than animals.

Mrs. Vernon. That is true, Paulina; but, unfortunately, human beings often forget their sense, and let themselves be carried away by the most despicable passions, such as avarice and vanity. It is remarked, on the contrary, that beasts always make proper use of the sense with which they are endowed: that is the reason why we sometimes see human beings act in a more unreasonable manner than the animals themselves.

Paulina. Indeed, mama, all that is not much to our honour.

Mrs. Vernon. I am ashamed of it as well as you, Paulina; and I own I should scarcely believe it, if I were not to see examples of it every day. You may remark on this subject, how disgraceful it is for us to suffer ourselves to be vanquished by our passions; since, through that weakness, we place ourselves below the beasts.

Paulina. It seems to me, that after having done a foolish thing, I shall not be able any more to look an ox in the face without blushing.

Mrs. Vernon. Let us return to our Fable, Paulina. You must remember what I said to you before I related it, that it was devised to shew of what importance it is to the weak, to live always
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in a perfect union, and a fixed resolution to assist one another in the midst of danger. The example of the oxen confirms that truth in the most evident manner, since they led a happy and quiet life as long as they lived in a good understanding; and began, on the contrary, to become the prey of their enemies, as soon as they entered into a quarrel, and would no longer lend each other mutual assistance.

Paulina. Yes, mama, that is clearly proved.

Mrs. Vernon. Well, my child, the same would happen to men, if they would not protect each other reciprocally; and if they refuse joining hands together to resist all those who might come to attack them. The example of the oxen is then well devised to give this lesson. Thus it is that they make this sort of recital, which is called Fable, serve for the instruction of men.

Paulina. There are then, mama, many sorts of recitals.

Mrs. Vernon. Yes, my child, three are distinguished. The Fable, wherein is related what we well know never did, nor ever could have happened. The Tale, or little Story, wherein is related what might very naturally have happened in effect. To conclude, History, wherein is related what we know to have really happened in the manner it is told.

Paulina. But, mama, without displeasing you, would you permit me to ask you one little question?

Mrs. Vernon. Let me hear it, my child.

Paulina. To relate what is well known never did happen, nor ever could have happened; is not that telling an untruth, since it is saying what is not true?

Mrs. Vernon. If, in giving that account, they were to say the adventure had indeed happened in that manner, though they knew in reality it had not, that would be assuredly telling an untruth. But when that account is given only for what it is; when they say, for example, I relate this not to make you believe the thing should have effectually occurred, but only as a fabulous invention from whence you may derive a moral sense: that is to say, useful instruction for your conduct. Then they do not tell an untruth, since they do not deceive one; for we anticipate before hand what we ought to think is true, and what is not.

Paulina. Thank you, mama. You see me reassured, by means of your Conscience, as to the subject of the fable which you have had the kindness to relate to me. I see you will not deceive me.

Mrs. Vernon. No, undoubtedly, my child; and
you

you may even recollect, in our reading together the "Stories and Conversations for Children," which I have written for your use, I told you more than once, they were only tales, or inventions, that is to say, recitals of events which never perhaps did happen, though they very likely may have happened. In presenting you with these imaginary accounts of children punished for their obstinacy, pride, or gluttony, I only wish to make you see the fatal consequences of these faults, to engage you to preserve yourself from them. I have arranged these recitals in a manner the most conformable to what passes every day among children. I am ignorant, for example, if there ever were a little girl named Leonora, so full of vanity as to think herself better than her friends; to imagine that some beauty in her person could supply the place of instruction and talents; who had afterwards the misfortune to lose, at one time, both her parents and her fortune; to see herself repulsed by all her old companions whom she had loaded with contempt; and to be at last reduced to become the servant of one of them. What I well know is, that the ignorant and the proud are always punished in that manner, or some other; and if you should follow Leonora's example, you would, soon or late, have just cause to repent it. This
is

is sufficient to teach you with what care you ought to avoid every thing that could lead you to similar misfortunes.

Paulina. I feel very sensibly the full force of this lesson, and I hope it will be always present to my mind.

Mrs. Vernon. I wish it, my child; but shall I tell you a tale, to shew you, like the fable of the Oxen, how useful it is to men mutually to assist each other.

Paulina. O, mama, what pleasure it will give me!

Mrs. Vernon. Attend, I am going to tell it you; but on condition that you will try yourself to discover, in this tale, what distinguishes it from a fable or a history, according to the difference which I have just now established between these three sorts of recitals.

Paulina. Let me see, mama, if I shall be clever enough for that. I will pay you the greatest attention.

THE BLIND MAN, AND THE LAME MAN.

A TALE.

Mrs. Vernon. A poor man who had lost his sight for many years, went one evening on the high-road, groping his way with his stick. "How unfortunate am I," cried he to himself, "in having been obliged to leave my poor little dog ill at home ! I thought I should have been able to have done without this little faithful guide to-day, in going to the next village. Ah, I feel more than ever how necessary he is to me ! There is night coming on ; not that I see better during the day, but, at least, I might meet somebody every instant on my way, to tell me if I were in the right road ; instead of which I must now fear no longer meeting any one. I shall not arrive at the town to-day, and my poor little dog will expect me to give him his supper. Ah, how vexed he will be at not seeing me !"

Scarcely had he said these words, when he heard some one complaining very near him. "How unfortunate I am," said he, "I have just dislocated my foot in the wheel-rut : it is impossible for me to put it to the ground. I shall
be

be obliged to pass all the night here on the road. What will my poor parents think?"

"Who are you?" cried the blind man. "You who I hear send forth such sad complaints?"

"Alas!" answered the lame man, "I am a poor young man to whom a terrible accident has just happened. I was returning all alone from our country house: I have dislocated my foot; and here am I condemned to lie in the dirt."

Blind Man. I am very sorry for it, I assure you: but tell me is there yet any remains of day; and can you see the road?"

Lame Man. Ah! if I could walk as well as I can see, I should very soon have relieved my dear parents' uneasiness.

Blind Man. Ah! if I could see as well as I can walk, I should very soon have given my dog his supper.

Lame Man. You do not see, then, my dear friend?"

Blind Man. Alas, no! I am blind, as you are lame. We are very lucky both of us. I cannot proceed any more than you.

Lame Man. With what pleasure would I have charged myself with your guidance.

Blind Man. As I would have hurried myself to go and seek men with a litter.

Lame Man. Hear me, an idea just occurs to me:

me: it only rests with you to get us both out of our trouble.

Blind Man. It only rests with me! Let us hear what your idea is? I agree to it beforehand.

Lame Man. You want your eyes, and I want my legs. Lend me your legs, I will lend you my eyes; and we shall see one another out of our difficulties.

Blind Man. How is that to be managed, if you please?

Lame Man. I am not very heavy; and you appear to me to have good shoulders.

Blind Man. They are sufficiently good, thank God.

Lame Man. Very well: take me on your back, you will carry me; and as for me, I will shew you the way. In that manner we shall both of us have what is necessary to get us to the town.

Blind Man. Is it yet far off?

Lame Man. No, no, I see it from here.

Blind Man. You see it. Alas! I have not seen it these ten years. But let us not lose a moment. Your invention appears to me a very good one. Where are you? Stay, I am going to kneel down like a Camel, you will then climb more easily on my back.

Lame Man. Pray, place yourself a little to the right.

[*Blind*

Blind Man. Is that right?

Lame Man. Yet a little more. That will do. I shall put my arms round your neck. Now you may get up again.

Blind Man. Here, I am on my legs. You weigh no more than a sparrow. March.

They began their route immediately; and as they had in common two good legs, and two good eyes; they arrived in less than a quarter of an hour at the entrance of the town. The blind man then carried the lame man to his parents; and they, after having testified their gratitude, had him conducted to his little dog.

Thus it was, that in lending mutual assistance, those two poor infirm people got themselves drawn out of their difficulties, otherwise they would have been obliged to have passed the whole night on the high-road. It is the same with all people, my dear Paulina; one generally has what the other wants; and what this one cannot do, that one does: thus, in reciprocally assisting each other, they are in want of nothing; instead of which, if they refuse to help one another, they both suffer equally by it in the end. Shall I give you an example of it, to make it clearer?

Paulina. I should like it very much, mama.

Mrs. Vernon. A shoemaker knows no more
how

how to till the ground, than a husbandman knows how to make shoes.

Paulina. That is true.

Mrs. Vernon. If the husbandman would grow no more corn than what is just enough for his own sustenance, he would have none to sell, and consequently he would not have money to buy shoes.

Paulina. That appears clear.

Mrs. Vernon. In the same manner, if the shoemaker would only make shoes for himself, he would gain nothing by his trade, and consequently he would not have money to buy bread.

Paulina. That is true again.

Mrs. Vernon. But if the husbandman grows as much corn as it is possible for him to grow, besides his own provision; and if the shoemaker makes as many shoes as he has a demand for, besides those for his own use, they can procure themselves, with the money which they gain by their work, all that is necessary to supply their other wants.

Paulina. O, I feel the force of that.

Mrs. Vernon. It is exactly the same with all the other orders of society. Let us return to the engagement which you made when I began this narrative, of trying to discover what distinguishes it from that which I told you of the Oxen Quarrelling.

Paulina.

Paulina. That is not difficult, mama. The oxen's quarrel could never have happened in the manner in which you have related it to me. Instead of which the adventure of the Lame Man, and the Blind Man, might have happened the same in every respect.

Mrs. Vernon. You have found out the difference very well. This last recital is not a Fable, because there is nothing impossible in it; and notwithstanding that, it is not a History, because I am ignorant if the event really happened.

Paulina. Yes, mama, it is only a tale, or little story.

Mrs. Vernon. If in passing along the road I had heard the Blind Man and the Lame Man converse in the manner that I have told you; if I had met them one on the other's shoulders, then my recital would be a History, and I should have given it you as a thing which had really happened; instead of which I give it you but as what might have happened. In a word, that nobody may be deceived by the different narrations, History must relate the thing just as it passed, without adding any thing to it; and Fables and Tales must be given as what they really are; that is to say, as useful and agreeable inventions, and not as true events.

CHARITY.

CHARITY.

Hail, pearl of price ! hail Charity divine !

Compassion's daughter ! chosen of my heart :
Had I a store from India's golden mine,
Thou, meek-ey'd fair, should'st have the largest
part.

With thee I'd visit in the lonely cell,
The massy bolts at my approach should fly ;
And e'er the Debtor could his sorrows tell,
Fair Freedom's smiles should greet his teeming
eye.

No more should iron bars impede his road,
Nor should a prison longer hold his frame ;
But Gratitude should soar to Heaven, and God,
And bear on high his benefactor's name.

I'd clasp the little orphan to my breast,
And bear her where Misfortune ne'er should
come ;
On my fond bosom tranquil she should rest,
Mine eye her guard, my circling arms her
home.

The hoary head, borne down by weight of grief,
Should in my mansion taste new-born repose ;
My hand extended yield the kind relief,
Support old age, and bid his sufferings close.
Sweet

Sweet Peace should smoothe again his wrinkled
face,

The sheaf of Plenty give him back youth's
force ;

Contentment's smiles his sun-burnt features grace,
And native goodness polish manners coarse.

I'd in some lonesome spot the widow seek,
Allay her sorrows with each tender care ;
The trickling tear wipe off her pallid cheek,
And bid, the bud of Hope, to blossom there.

I'd press the latch where Death upholds his rod,
Shielded by Faith could Fever e'er appal ?
'There's One above, look up, that One is God,
In joy, in sorrow, on thy Maker call.

The prayer of Faith the soul alive shall save—
My God ! my God ! what wond'rous works are
thine ;

Thy precious blood the sin-sick mourners lave,
O let that prayer, that faith, be ever mine.

Thy will be done, if 'tis by thee thought right
The pilgrim 'gain shall tread this earthly dale ;
Or if thou wilt his soul to take her flight,
Remember Mercy—let her voice prevail.

'Tis said—'tis done—I close his fading eyes—
My guardian angel bears my prayer above ;

His

His sins forgiven, though here his body lies,
His soul takes flight to realms of peace and
love.

O Charity!—mild maid!—with thee I'd stray,
With thee I'd seek the mansions of the dead;
With smiles of Hope Grief's keenest pang allay,
And watch, attentive watch, the mournful bed.

Nor poverty, nor gloom, should bid me fear;
Say where's the pleasure that can equal thine?
Can aught surpass the sympathetic tear,
The pearl of Charity, the gem divine?

O may thy moistening drop still dew mine eye,
To others woes may I ne'er careless prove;
May no indifference withhold the sigh,
The speaking tribute register'd above.

Dwell here for ever in my pensive breast,
Be my companion through life's dreary road,
Till breath shall cease, my weary limbs have rest,
And spirit soar to realms of bliss and God.

THE GENERAL AND PARTICULAR WANTS OF MEN.

MR. VERNON, and ADRIAN *his Son.*

Adrian. Papa, I read a book yesterday which treated on the general and particular wants of men. This book was undoubtedly written for people who are supposed to have more knowledge than me; for they did not explain that distinction, so that I could understand it of myself. Pray will you have the goodness to make me comprehend it?

Mr. Vernon. Very willingly, my dear boy. The general wants are those which are common to all men. They signify things which are indispensibly necessary to every one. Particular wants, on the contrary, signify only those things which are necessary to certain people, and which are not to others. To give you an example of a general want, have not all men an equal want of food?

Adrian. Yes, most certainly, papa.

Mr. Vernon. Food then is a general want, a want common to all men. But what are the things which a joiner requires to work with?

Adrian. He must have wood, a saw, and a plane. *Mr.*

Mr. Vernon. And are those things necessary for a mason ?

Adrian. No, papa, a mason only wants lime, sand, a trowel, and stone.

Mr. Vernon. Well, my dear, the lime, sand, trowel, and stone, constitute the particular wants of the mason ; as the wood, saw, and plane constitute the particular wants of the joiner. Shoemakers, tailors, weavers, watchmakers, cartwrights, &c. have also particular occasion for an infinity of tools and materials indispensable for the works in which each of them is employed. These particular wants are very numerous and various, by reason of the innumerable professions to which men apply themselves, and the variety of works which each of them makes in his trade. The general wants, on the contrary, those wants common to all men, are much more simple, and less extensive in number ; they may even be reduced to three only ; that is to say, food, clothing, and habitation.

Adrian. Will you be so obliging as to explain it to me more particularly, papa ?

Mr. Vernon. With pleasure, my son. That a man could not live long without food, is what you experience yourself every day, when you are hungry and thirsty. You would soon be

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come.

come weak if you had nothing to eat and drink. Is it not true?

Adrian. Yes, indeed, papa; and I should not be long in dying, provided that lasted only two or three days.

Mr. Vernon. And if you had no clothes, might you run quite naked in the streets?

Adrian. O, no, undoubtedly. The watchman would soon stop me, to dress me inside the wall of a watch-house.

Mr. Vernon. And if you had no lodging, and were obliged to lie all night at the corner of a curb-stone?

Adrian. I do not think either they would let me sleep there.

Mr. Vernon. Food, clothing, and habitation, are then three things which are absolutely necessary for all people who live in this country; they are even for all those who are dispersed over all parts of the earth. People every where have need of supporting their strength by food, of defending themselves by clothing against the rigour of the seasons, and of procuring themselves a place of shelter to taste repose in peace.

Adrian. Yes, I conceive that we are all equal on these three points.

Mr. Vernon. If you now reflect on what we do to procure ourselves food, clothing, and habitation,

bitation, you will see, though these first wants be the same for all persons, the manner in which each seeks to satisfy them is very various.

Adrian. Pray help me, papa, to find out the difference.

Mr. Vernon. You have often seen in the country what the peasants feed on, what cloth they wear, and how their houses are built.

Adrian. Yes, papa.

Mr. Vernon. Compare their peas and pork with the ragouts which cover our tables; their coarse cloth jackets with our silk coats, sparkling with gold and silver spangles; their confined thatched cottages with our great houses, and you will see how little all these things resemble each other, and notwithstanding their object is exactly the same. To be fed, clothed, and lodged is all that we have in view, as well as the peasant.

Adrian. Yes, certainly; but we succeed much better in it.

Mr. Vernon. That is to say, we take much more trouble for the same end. We eat much more delicate things, we wear richer clothes, and we have a more elegant furnished dwelling; but whether we be the better for that, is a point not yet decided.

Adrian. How so, papa?

Mr. Vernon. What we have more than the peasant; gives us, it is true, some pleasure; but it is not without a mixture of pain. Think how much attention and preparation these enjoyments require. We could easily spare ourselves all this trouble, by living in the country way. We may satisfy ourselves with potatoes as well as with pastry. A coat of coarse cloth or of serge is as convenient as a coat of taffeta or velvet. It is not uncommon to find the labourer in his thatch more joyful than the prince in his palace.

Adrian. Without reckoning, papa, that our pleasures cost much more than his.

Mr. Vernon. As we have more money than him, that comes to the same; but there is something to remark on that. The peasant is accustomed to content himself with so few things, that if by accident he loses his little all, he needs but his daily labour to get what provides for all his wants; but as for us, we are so little used to the labour of our hands, it would be impossible for us, if we were to lose all our money, ever to get enough by the sweat of our brow to recommence living after our accustomed manner; and in that we should be infinitely more to be pitied than the peasant. The extraordinary labour that we should be obliged to impose

impose on ourselves would exceed our strength, while the peasant would only have to do the labour to which his strength is habituated.

Adrian. I see that very far from getting enough to live in our common, ordinary, easy manner, we should not even get wherewith to live like him.

Mr. Vernon. We must however condemn ourselves to the same labour, if we would not be liable to perish by misery and hunger.

Adrian. Alas! it is but too true.

Mr. Vernon. That is not all yet. Besides the reverse which continually threatens our fortune, a thousand circumstances happen in life in which we cannot, even at the price of money, procure ourselves numberless dainty things for our repasts, an elegant coat, or a commodious dwelling. For example, in a journey your carriage may break down in the middle of a bye-road, you may be obliged to quit your own clothes, wet through with the rain, to take those of a peasant; you may be reduced to eat a bit of bacon with a morsel of brown bread, and to sleep in a shattered barn. There are few travellers, or soldiers, to whom this has not happened more than once. We cannot therefore do better than prepare from our youth for all events. With this habit we never find ourselves

embarrassed ; and provided that we have wherewith to furnish our first wants, we seldom make ourselves uneasy about the manner in which they come to be satisfied.

Adrian. Yes, papa, you are right. I shall begin, even from this day, to do without the assistance of another to wait on me ; and content myself with what will suffice for my most pressing necessities. Thus I shall be fortified beforehand against all the difficulties which may happen to me ; and if I ever find myself in any of those situations you have just spoken of, I shall not be the more sorrowful for that : on the contrary, I shall then remember with joy the conversation which we have this moment had.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SOCIETY.

MR. VERNON, and ADRIAN *his Son.*

Mr. Vernon. Adrian, do you recollect what are the general wants of men ?

Adrian. Yes, papa, they are food, clothing, and habitation.

Mr. Vernon. You remember also that I made you remark, that there are two different ways of satisfying those wants : with much preparation
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tion and expence, as the rich do; simply and with little trouble, as the country people and the poor do.

Adrian. I have not lost a word of what you told me on that subject.

Mr. Vernon. What I have not yet told you is, that however simple a peasant may feed, clothe, and lodge himself, these first wants fail not to cost him infinite pains to satisfy.

Adrian. You astonish me, papa. Let us have that in order, pray. First, for his food; it appears to me that a bit of bread and some vegetables do not require such a deal of trouble.

Mr. Vernon. Would not you still add to that some fruit, cheese, butter, and now and then a glass of wine.

Adrian. O, that does not hold good, papa. I ask nothing better than to be so well regaled.

Mr. Vernon. Notwithstanding your easiness, it would be difficult to compose a more simple repast. You do not imagine however how much labour it has cost.

Adrian. O, pray tell me.

Mr. Vernon. Must he not have ploughed his field two or three times before sowing the seed? Must he not have planted his potatoes, sown his radishes and his cabbages? Must he not have raised, grafted, and pruned his trees, and culti-

vated his vines? Must he not have pastured and tended his cows and sheep?

Adrian. Here is already much trouble.

Mr. Vernon. It is yet but the first half of his fatigue; for he must afterwards gather his fruit and his vegetables, reap his corn and grind it, make his flower into bread and bake it, gather his grapes, tread them, and put the wine in casks, and prepare his milk to make butter and cheese. See already how many arms besides his own have been put in motion to get ready the most moderate meal. You have only to add a single sugar-plumb left at the christening of his last child; and behold ships and fleets which have crossed the seas, thousands of negroes who have been reduced to slavery, and even whole armies which have been destroyed to furnish his table.

Adrian. O, papa, let me pass on quickly to his clothing. I hope he will not be such a murderer there.

Mr. Vernon. His dress is very simple; but though his shirts be coarser than ours, his clothes not so fine, and his shoes not so thick, it requires little less trouble to weave his linen, manufacture his cloth, and tan his leather. Flax must be cultivated, and sheep and large cattle reared for him as well as us.

Adrian.

Adrian. I agree to it, papa.

Mr. Vernon. As to his habitation it is necessary to have forests likewise planted for him, that after many years wood may be found there fit to make beams, joists, and planks. The iron must be forged, the glass melted, and the colours ground; and it is not till after this immense labour that the farmer can inhabit his cottage, however simple you suppose it.

Adrian. I had not thought of all that.

Mr. Vernon. You see how many things are necessary to satisfy the peasant's first wants; these general wants which are common to him as well as other men. But are all these things given him for nothing?

Adrian. No, papa, he has been obliged to pay for them with his money.

Mr. Vernon. And that money, how has he got it?

Adrian. By his labour.

Mr. Vernon. And what is his labour?

Adrian. Tilling the ground.

Mr. Vernon. And for his labour must he not have all sorts of implements; such as ploughs, harrows, spades, shovels, and scythes?

Adrian. Yes, certainly.

Mr. Vernon. That is what the real wants of men consist in; that is to say, what is necessary

for him as a husbandman; and as you easily comprehend, he must still work very hard to procure himself the money necessary for the acquirement of all these things.

Adrian. That is true; but now he has them, and we see him provided with all that he wants.

Mr. Vernon. I allow it. Alas! it is not for long.

Adrian. How so, pray?

Mr. Vernon. Because all these things break and wear out with use: now to replace them, or to keep them only in good repair, costs almost as much as it did at first to buy them.

Adrian. I will put him in a way to save his money.

Mr. Vernon. It will be rendering him an essential service. Pray, what is this method?

Adrian. It is to make and mend his implements himself; to make his clothes, and build and repair his house: so that he will never want the assistance of others whom he must pay.

Mr. Vernon. You deceive yourself, my dear friend; for he cannot do all these things without having learned them. He must therefore learn them of those who know them; and, at least, pay them for their lessons.

Adrian. That is just.

Mr. Vernon. But when he has learned all that,
and

and should even attain the doing them as well as his masters ; what is rather difficult to imagine is, he would still be greatly embarrassed in this crowd of operations. The more things he knew, the less advantage could he draw from his knowledge.

Adrian. How is that, if you please?

Mr. Vernon. It is because if he alone were to plough his ground, to get in his vegetables and corn, to lead his flocks to pasture, bake his bread, make his clothes, repair his house, and forge his implements, he would scarcely know where to begin; and he would never find time enough for such numerous occupations.

Adrian. In reality, I begin to fear it.

Mr. Vernon. Besides, may it not happen, while he is at the height of his harvest or his vintage, that his clothes tear, his implements break, or a hurricane carry away the roof of his house?

Adrian. Alas ! yes.

Mr. Vernon. He will then be obliged to put off his harvest, and lose his corn, or his wine, or go without clothes, or sleep in a house open on all sides to the rain, or labour with a broken implement, which certainly would not forward his work.

Adrian. You are right, papa. I retract the
M 6 advice

advice I would have given him. It is not worth much.

Mr. Vernon. You save me the trouble of giving you my opinion. You see by that, my friend, a man who would do without the assistance of others, and procure himself, by these means alone, all that is necessary for him, would be much troubled, and unable even to attain that end.

Adrian. Yes, papa, I am fully convinced of it.

Mr. Vernon. We will see what he must do in such circumstances.

This peasant, struck with all the difficulties he experiences, in wishing to do without other peoples' assistance, soon or late makes this reflection. Here we are a great many men met together; we have but to help each other mutually, and the trouble will be the lighter from it for every body. He runs instantly to assemble his neighbours, and says to them, "My friends, I do not badly understand how to cultivate the ground, as you know. I will grow grain for you all, on condition that one of you would make my bread, another my clothes, this forge my implements, and that repair my house when it is in a ruinous state. What each of you will do for me, he will be able to do for all the others.

Thus

Thus each will only have to learn one trade ; he will have but one sort of work to do, and will be able to employ himself in it constantly, without being hindered by other labours which have no concern with his regular employment. See, consult yourselves."

Adrian. O, I think I guess their answer.

Mr. Vernon. In effect, so reasonable a proposition could not fail gaining their entire approbation. All cried out together, " Yes, yes, we must all help one another, and divide the various labours among us, as our neighbour the husbandman has just proposed ; each thing will go on much better for it, and will be more convenient for every one."

Adrian. Ah ! I am charmed at their making this determination.

Mr. Vernon. They are not long in experiencing its advantages. If the husbandman's coat happens to tear while he is occupied in getting in his harvest, he only need go to the taylor's, and he mends his coat for him, or makes him quite a new one, while the husbandman continues to get in his corn. The same again if an unlooked-for storm comes which damages the roof of his house, he sends for the bricklayer, who repairs the accident without his being necessitated to put off the urgent labour of his harvest. On
their

their side, the taylor and the bricklayer are not obliged to leave their work to go and cultivate the ground, and grow the corn that they want for food for their families, because they know that their neighbour, the husbandman, takes charge of this care himself, while they are occupied with his coat and his roof.

Adrian. This is arranged admirably for each individual.

Mr. Vernon. Add to this, that all the work is much better done, because each having occasion to learn but one trade, and devoting himself entirely to that, acquires a more extensive knowledge, and practises it with much greater facility; instead of which, we never make any thing so perfect and so quick, that we are occupied in only at intervals, and which is confounded with other work. You see by that every body gains through this arrangement, since the one does more work, and the others receive it higher finished.

Adrian. There is not a word to say against this regulation.

Mr. Vernon. You now comprehend clearly, my son, that when men have thus divided their labours, he who does not know how to do any thing but to grow grain, and he who does not know how to do any thing but to make cloaths,

cloaths, are necessarily in want of the one's consuming the fruits of the other's labour?

Adrian. O certainly, papa! for if the taylor eat not the peasant's corn, and this last had not his cloaths made by the taylor, the trade would not be good for either of them.

Mr. Vernon. Your remark is extremely just.

Adrian. Fortunately they have made a good choice, and I can give them a lesson by my example. When I have made a great number of drawings, I exchange a part of them with my sisters for a purse, or garters of their making; so the peasant and the taylor may barter together like us.

Mr. Vernon. That is what they would have done in reality, if they had not devised something still more convenient, and which I will explain to you in another discourse. I have now, my child, a question to make you, that relates more particularly to the subject of our conversation.

Adrian. Let me see, papa, if I shall be able to answer you.

Mr. Vernon. Which of these two kinds of life appears to you the most agreeable; for people to mix together sometimes, to communicate to each other their thoughts and sentiments, or always to remain solitary, without forming any acquaintance with one another?

Adrian.

Adrian. If I judge of others by myself, I shall very soon decide. I am often pleased to find myself alone, that I may apply more closely to my studies; but I should not like that retirement to last all day, and when I have finished my studies, I love to be again with my little brother, sisters, and friends.

Mr. Vernon. You are very right, for you can then play with each other, and go and walk in a company, or work together in the garden. But if you were always obliged to take your pleasures separately, as you take your lessons, I imagine you would very soon be tired of it.

Adrian. O, that is very true, papa.

Mr. Vernon. It is exactly the same with people. We have just seen that they find much more advantage in working in union for their mutual wants. They find, also, like you, a sweeter enjoyment in taking their recreations and pleasures together.

Adrian. The proof of it is, that we seldom see any person laugh when alone.

Mr. Vernon. This inclination which induces people to seek each other, to live together, to enjoy their amusements in common, and to divide their labours among themselves, is called sociableness; and the number of people who unite together with that view, is called society.

In

In collecting all that has been said during this conversation, you may judge how precious a gift this sentiment of sociableness is for all people, and how advantageous the establishment of societies is to them. Through that, they are in a state, not only to procure themselves all that they require to satisfy the ordinary wants of life, by easier and more perfect work ; but yet, in the intervals of their occupations, they can divert themselves in the most agreeable manner ; and taste a thousand delicious sensations together, to which they become more sensible by sharing them. He who would live apart, and work only for himself, could scarcely construct himself a sorry hut, where he would very soon be reduced to perish with sorrow and irksomeness ; while men, in uniting themselves, build magnificent towns, where they live together in the midst of abundance and pleasure. The savage, wandering at hazard in the forests, is obliged to content himself with wild fruits, bark of trees and roots, for his food. He has nothing to defend himself from the cold damp of the nights, and the frosts of winter, but the skin of some wild beast, with which he does not even know how to clothe himself. Civilized man, on the contrary, forces nature to furnish him with the most abundant fruits, and the most healthy food,
which

which he knows how to prepare in the manner most agreeable to his taste. He manufactures warm, light, and soft cloth, which he knows how to vary to suit all temperatures and seasons. What would there still be, were I to mention all the pleasing arts which society alone has known how to invent to charm his senses, and amuse his imagination; those noble sciences, which strengthen his reason, elevate his soul, enlarge his genius, and make him contemplate in one instant of thought, the earth, the seas, and the skies, and fill, in some measure, in himself, the whole immensity of the universe.

MONEY, TRADE, AND TRADESMEN.

MR. VERNON, *and* ADRIAN *his Son.*

Mr. Vernon. In the conversation which we had the other day, my dear Adrian; we remained well convinced by our reflections, that no man is in a state to do, alone, all the things which are necessary for him to satisfy his wants; in consequence of which, this one must charge himself with one part, and that one with another, that they may all procure themselves in
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the most convenient, surest, and most abundant manner, all their necessaries. Do you still remember it?

Adrian. O yes, papa, I have taken care not to forget it.

Mr. Vernon. We afterwards saw, that to the end that each might live by his trade, it was necessary that all should have mutual need of the fruit of their labours; the taylor, for example, of the peasant's corn, the peasant, in his turn, of the taylor's cloaths, and so on the others.

Adrian. I recollect that also. I would even had them exchange together, as I exchange my work with my sisters.

Mr. Vernon. That is true, and I told you on that occasion, that men had devised a still more convenient way. I promised to let you know it. Shall I acquit myself this moment of my promise?

Adrian. I wish you would, papa.

Mr. Vernon. Very well, lend me all your attention.

Adrian. O yes, I promise you.

Mr. Vernon. In the infancy of societies, men began to do what you and your sisters do in your infancy. That is to say, by making exchanges together, to procure themselves mutually what they required. He, for example, who possessed
more

more sheep than he wanted for his own use, but who at the same time had not enough corn, was obliged to go to all parts to seek somebody, who had some corn to spare, and ask him if he would give him a sack for one or two sheep.

Adrian. That is exactly what I do, when I have too many drawings, and want a purse or garters.

Mr. Vernon. If the man who had the corn were satisfied with this proposition, he gave his corn, received one or two sheep in exchange, and thus the business was terminated.

Adrian. I scarcely see, papa, what they could imagine more simple and convenient.

Mr. Vernon. Yes, undoubtedly, when things are arranged thus ; but it might have happened, that he who had too much corn, had enough sheep, or he might not care to have them.

Adrian. That is what I did not foresee.

Mr. Vernon. Then the man with the sheep, was obliged to go and address himself successively to other persons, till he at last found one who had too much corn, and who would exactly change this superfluity for his sheep.

Adrian. That begins to become embarrassing.

Mr. Vernon. All these exchanges, as you see, cost much care and trouble ; they could not
even

even sometimes effect them, either because they did not agree on the measure of corn that could answer to the value of a sheep; or that there arose still greater difficulties when exchanges of another nature were in question; as, for example, to barter some service or a few days labour for a lamb or an implement of husbandry.

Adrian. I there see much time lost, and perhaps, even cheating in the case.

Mr. Vernon. That is what made them conceive the idea of seeking some way that might shorten the negotiations, and make the business easier to conclude.

Adrian. And how did men find out this way, papa?

Mr. Vernon. After having tried, undoubtedly, an infinite number of very complicated operations, they came at last to this very simple idea. We have only to find out a thing that would be the representative mark of all value.

Adrian. I do not clearly understand that, papa.

Mr. Vernon. You will comprehend it more easily when I have told you what that thing is.

Adrian. And what is it then, pray?

Mr. Vernon. It is money; that is to say, the little pieces of gold, silver, and copper, on which is engraved, in each monarchical state, the name, figure,

figure, and arms of the nation; and in other countries, the arms only, accompanied by an inscription, or whatever mark it may be.

Adrian. Ah, I begin to understand.

Mr. Vernon. You know all the pieces of money which pass in England; guineas, half-guineas, seven-shilling pieces, crowns, half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, penny-pieces, and half-pennies. You know also what is the value of each of these pieces with regard to the others. You know, for example, that five sixpences are of the same value as a half-crown.

Adrian. O, yes, papa, I know all that perfectly well. What I do not yet comprehend is, how, that money, is the representative mark of all value.

Mr. Vernon. Do you remember that when we entered a shop yesterday to buy you some gloves, and asked the price of them, the shopkeeper said, "I sell them a shilling a pair, gentlemen; it is as regular a price as a penny tart for a penny."

Adrian. Yes, papa, I recollect it.

Mr. Vernon. You see then, my friend, that a shilling is the representative mark of the value of each pair of gloves, of the same size and of the same quality as your's; since you may have as many pairs as you will for as many shillings.

Adrian.

Adrian. Yes, papa, I understand it now. In the same manner a penny is the representative mark of the value of each little tart.

Mr. Vernon. Wonderful! my son. You may already see, even in this, one of the advantages of the invention of money. For let us suppose that a pastry-cook wants gloves for one of his sons, who is of your size, and will not lay out his money, he can go to the glover's and say, "I want a pair of shilling gloves for my son, will you give it me for these twelve little penny tarts which I have brought?" The question then would only be, is the glover fond enough of little tarts to accept this exchange? For the price of each of these objects being clearly determined by means of the representative mark of their value, they could not have any difficulty on this point.

Adrian. Yes, that is true, papa. It is as if the pastry-cook had said to the glover, buy these twelve little tarts of me, and I will buy a pair of gloves of you. That is granted, is it not? And now —

Mr. Vernon. Admirable! *Adrian.* Go on.

Adrian. In buying my twelve little tarts, which cost a penny a piece, you ought to give me a shilling. In buying your gloves, which are of the same price, I should return you your piece.

piece. It is not then necessary to put the hand in the pocket. Here are my little tarts, give me your gloves.

Mr. Vernon. It cannot be better explained, my dear boy. You see by that, money is the representative mark of the value of all things, as we estimate their value according to the quantity of money we must give for them.

Adrian. There is nothing more clear. But, papa, what are the other advantages of the invention of money?

Mr. Vernon. I will tell you, my son. If I were in want of a measure of corn, a pipe of wine, or a pack of wool, and no money were to be had; then, as we said at the beginning of this conversation, I should be obliged first to see among my things what I could do without; if I should have wherewith to procure myself in exchange the things which I wanted. I must afterwards go here and there to find a person whom the exchange might suit, and at last agree with him on the conditions. This is what draws on, as you have allowed, many embarrassments and difficulties.

Adrian. That is true.

Mr. Vernon. But since the invention of money, I have no longer occasion to give myself so much trouble. I have only to sell the things of which
I have

I have too many, and which I should have proposed in exchange ; with that money I am sure of having when I will the things I desire : as the corn, wine, and wool sellers like better, for the same reason, to have money, than all I should be able to propose to them in exchange, because they are sure of having in return, for the money that I should give them for what I buy of their's, all the other things which they would wish to buy for themselves.

Adrian. That appears clear.

Mr. Vernon. It is in consequence too of the invention of money that there are established in all towns and villages, warehouses and shops, where we may find, for money, all the different things we desire, without having occasion to go to a thousand places to procure them. Thus, for example, I, who live in town, am not obliged to cross the country to go and buy corn of the husbandman, wine of the vintager, and wool of the shepherd. I find here, at my own door, tradesmen who have a great store of corn, wine, and wool ; and who will give them up to me for my money at the precise time when I wish to have them, and of the quality I desire.

Adrian. But tell me, pray, how tradesmen gain by that ? I easily conceive that the country people find their advantage in selling the corn

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they

they have got in, the wine they have derived from their vintage, and the wool they have sheared from the backs of the sheep, reared in their sheep-folds ; but the people who sell corn, wine, and wool, have not raised them themselves.

Mr. Vernon. No, certainly not ; but they buy these commodities of the peasants, and sell them again to the town's people for a little more than what they cost. This overplus constitutes their just profit, for they ought to be paid for the trouble they have taken to go and make their purchases ; for the care they take of this merchandize in their warehouses, and the difficulty they have in sometimes retailing it out in very small portions. All that occupies them so, that they have not time to get their livelihood by the labour of their hands ; and it is only by the gain which they make of that sale, that they are in a state to support the expences of their houses, and bring up their children.

Adrian. But, papa, cannot I go myself to the country people and buy the corn, wine, and wool, for which I have occasion for my use, as the tradesman goes to buy them to sell again ?

Mr. Vernon. Yes, truly ; nothing hinders you.

Adrian. Then I shall no longer have occasion to let them pass through his hands.

Mr.

Mr. Vernon. That is true.

Adrian. Thus I shall have the things cheaper, since I shall pay no more for them than him.

Mr. Vernon. O, there I stop you.

Adrian. And how so, if you please?

Mr. Vernon. You ought necessarily to pay dearer for them.

Adrian. Why, papa?

Mr. Vernon. The tradesmen, who go to make their purchases in the country, buy wholesale of the peasant his corn, wine, and the spoil of his flocks. Now the peasant finds more than one advantage in disposing of all this at once.

Adrian. And what are these advantages, pray?

Mr. Vernon. First, as to his corn; he gets rid of the trouble of stirring it now and then in his barn, to hinder it from spoiling, and for fear of losing the whole of it, or a part, either through worms or the rats, which devour it, or through the fires, which frequently happen in villages. Then, as to his wine, he saves what it would cost him to fill it up in his casks, and he has no longer to fear being exposed to a great loss, if the wine should happen to turn, or grow sour. Lastly, as to his wool, he has no occasion to beat it, and expose it in open air, to prevent its spoiling.

Adrian. Truly, there are a great many troubles and cares the less.

Mr. Vernon. All these considerations engage him to sell his commodities to tradesmen, who buy them all at once, much cheaper than he would let you or others do, who would go to buy them of him by retail. So much the better does he see, in touching at once such a large sum, how he can employ it to make his husbandry prosper more and more.

Adrian. Yes, in reality, these reasons appear to me very good ones.

Mr. Vernon. That is not all yet, my son.

Adrian. And what more is there then?

Mr. Vernon. If the peasant would sell you some part of his commodities retail, at the same price he sells them in the lump to the merchants, you would still be the loser, in not buying them a little dearer of this one.

Adrian. And why so, if you please?

Mr. Vernon. It is because it would take you from your other concerns, to go and make your purchases in the country; and then you would lose time that might be precious, and expend money in hiring a carriage and horses. So that every thing considered, it would cost you less to go to the tradesman, and give him some profit for the advantage you have in finding with him
when

when you desire it, the things which you are in want of, and having it in your power to make your choice as to the price and the quality.

Adrian. Yes, I see one gains amply on the one hand, what one loses on the other.

Mr. Vernon. What I have told you with regard to the corn, wine, and wool, extends to all sorts of things which are called merchandize; whether the tradesmen get them from the country itself, or have them brought from foreign countries: so that there is nothing in a town like this that may not easily be procured, when we have occasion for it.

Adrian. How very convenient this is. But may not tradesmen take advantage of this, to sell you the things at the price they choose?

Mr. Vernon. No, my dear friend. There are always, in each town, many tradesmen who sell the same things. Thus then if one of them wanted to make more profit of his merchandize than he ought, all the buyers would leave his warehouse to go to another, where they are satisfied with a reasonable profit. That is the reason why a tradesman dare not ask more than his brethren, for fear that nobody would come to buy of him, which would very soon be his ruin. One alone therefore is sufficient to stop the avidity of all the others, and the price of each article is established at a just and moderate rate.

RICHES, PRINCIPAL, AND INTEREST.

MR. VERNON, and ADRIAN his Son.

Mr. Vernon. I have spoken to you more than once, Adrian, of people who have great riches, and who possess large estates. Shall I tell you in what these estates and riches consist, and how they succeed in acquiring them?

Adrian. That will be very instructive for me, papa.

Mr. Vernon. The first of all the means which they can employ to enrich themselves, is to work with their hands. Thus, for example, the husbandman cultivates his field with his hands, and the gardener his trees and kitchen-garden; the one to get corn by it, the other fruits and vegetables, which they both of them sell to those who are in want of them. The people who are under them work also with their hands, to receive from them daily, the price of their labour. It is the same as is done by the carpenters, masons, joiners, goldsmiths, locksmiths, and those who make linen or cloths of wool, cotton, and silk, who are called manufacturers. They all work with their hands, themselves,
and

and their workmen, to get money by their labour, some more and some less.

Adrian. And it is with this money they buy all that is necessary for their maintenance, is it not?

Mr. Vernon. Yes, my son, those who spend each day, what they gain by their labour, are obliged to labour incessantly, and never become, as long as that lasts, neither richer nor poorer. But those who are active, industrious, and frugal, and who make little reserves from their daily maintenance, collect money that they save to employ shortly in getting more.

Adrian. And what do they do?

Mr. Vernon. They take different methods for that purpose.

Adrian. O let me hear one of them, pray.

Mr. Vernon. Suppose, for example, that a man who makes linen earns each day more money than is necessary for his own wants and those of his family; when he has succeeded in getting together a small sum by his frugality, he goes to seek a boy who knows his trade, and who will work for him, and he says to him, "If you will come to make linen at my house, I will furnish you with all the thread that you want, and give you, besides, so much a day for your trouble; but on this condition, all the li-

nen that you make shall belong to me, and I shall have the right of selling it for my own advantage."

Adrian. O yes, papa, I comprehend; it is, as you have told me before, you did with *Lewis*, the gardener, to keep your garden in order.

Mr. Vernon. It is exactly the same thing, my son. When the proposition is accepted, this man, who is called the master, because the boy works under his orders, gives him the linen to make, and then sells it for a little more money than it cost him to pay the thread and the boy, and this overplus is his gain. Thus he gains money not only by the linen which he makes himself, but again by that which the boy makes for him; his housekeeping, however, does not cost him more, and thus he lays up still more money than he did before.

Adrian. Yes, papa, that is clear; but this money, what does he do with it?

Mr. Vernon. If he has not a more advantageous way of employing it, he uses it to put a greater number of workmen on the work, and thus to get yet more money. In this manner, the farther he goes the more hands he employs on his own account, and consequently the richer he grows.

Adrian. But, papa, in working for themselves,
would

would not the workmen get more money than the master gives them?

Mr. Vernon. Yes, undoubtedly, my son, since the master has the greatest part of the product of their labour; but the workmen are not in a state to work on their own account.

Adrian. And why not, pray?

Mr. Vernon. To make linen there must be thread, a loom, and instruments. Again, they must take a house on hire, and all that costs money; but those who hire themselves to work by the day, have no money, and consequently are not able to be at all the expence necessary to establish themselves; they must, therefore, go and work with those who are; and it is those who have the produce of their labour, on paying them, each day, the price of their day's work for their subsistence.

Adrian. Poor people! how I pity them!

Mr. Vernon. And I too, my son; but they have at least the hope of being able by their economy to make themselves, in their turn, a little establishment.

Adrian. That is true, since their masters began like them.

Mr. Vernon. What I told you of the weaver, you know very well, extends to all other manufacturers, of whatever sort they may be.

Adrian. Yes, papa, it must be the same thing for all those who work with their hands.

Mr. Vernon. The second means of getting money is by the traffic they make too in different ways. For example, they begin by buying some little merchandize, which they sell again with a small profit.

Adrian. Yes, papa, like those pedlars who walk about the streets.

Mr. Vernon. Well, my son, when these pedlars of whom you speak gain every day enough money, not to have occasion to employ the whole of it for their subsistence, they employ the overplus in buying more merchandize than before, or in buying a greater number of sorts, and then he makes as much more profit, as he buys and sells again the more. In extending his commerce thus by little and little, the farther he goes on, the richer he gets; and there are a great many examples of these pedlars becoming in the end the richest individuals in their countries.

Adrian. But, papa, when they are become rich, what do they do with that money? Do they spend it?

Mr. Vernon. Those who are wise do not spend it all; they live, indeed, at a much greater expence when they are rich than they did when they

they were poor; but there are also many people who get more by trade, or the cultivation of land, or by the work done in their manufactories, than they would know how to spend, by living in the greatest plenty.

Adrian. What can they do with this overplus, unless they keep it in their coffers?

Mr. Vernon. In their coffers it would yield them nothing; they only keep it there while waiting the opportunity to employ it to advantage, in placing it out in a way that will bring them back a new profit.

Adrian. And how do they place it out?

Mr. Vernon. They can do it also in different ways. For example, they purchase the house where they live, or rather houses which they let for a certain sum of money by the year; and this sum still adds to their wealth, if they do not prefer using it to augment their expences. When they do not wish to buy houses, or they possess a sufficient number of them, they buy pieces of land.

Adrian. And what do they do with these pieces of land, papa?

Mr. Vernon. They cultivate them for their own advantage; or if they would save themselves this trouble, farmers are not wanting to take them to farm for a certain sum, which they pay yearly.

Adrian. And why do the farmers take these lands to farm?

Mr. Vernon. To cultivate them, and to make them bring forth corn; or otherwise, to feed cattle on them, if these lands be laid out in meadows. By one or other of these means, the farmers gain more money than they give as the price of their farms. This annual price that the landlord receives, encreases his revenue, and consequently his riches; and though he has let that land, he preserves it his property, because it is the use of it only that he makes over to the husbandman; for the price this last gives him every year, during a certain number of years which they have agreed upon.

Adrian. And when this number of years has expired, papa?

Mr. Vernon. Then the landlord can do with it what he pleases; that is to say, cultivate it himself, or give it to the same farmer a second time to farm, or take another farmer, who gives him more for it.

Adrian. But if before this time expired a second should offer him a better price, could not he accept it?

Mr. Vernon. No, undoubtedly, my son: the farmer in taking a lease, that is to say, in making a treaty with the owner of the land, to possess it during a certain determined number of years,

years, ought to be secure that during the whole of that time he should not be troubled in his possession: it is in that security that he sows, plants, clears; and it would not be just, when he had made all these improvements, that another should come unlooked-for to profit by them.

Adrian. Yes, you are right, papa.

Mr. Vernon. Let us return to the owner of the land. As long as he remains possessor, that is, as long as he does not sell it to another, his riches increase yearly from the sum that the farmer pays him.

Adrian. Yes; but if his farmer should not pay him?

Mr. Vernon. He takes good care not to fail doing it, for in that case he would be liable to see his goods and implements sold for the benefit of the landlord, and even to see his lease made void.

Adrian. O, I feel that must make him true to his payments.

Mr. Vernon. There is still another way of employing his money, or, as it is called, of placing it out in such a way, that it brings in a certain profit, without having occasion to buy either lands or houses, or establishing manufactories, or trading.

Adrian.

Adrian. O let me know how that is, if you please: I do not guess this way.

Mr. Vernon. When they want to buy a house or land, or would farther extend their trade or manufactories, and have not money enough for that, then they seek some one who has money to place out. If such a person should get to know that I, for example, have a certain sum idle in my coffers, he finds me out, and says, "If you will lend me two hundred pounds for such a number of years (five years if you will) I will give you ten pounds yearly, and at the end of five years I will return you the whole of your two hundred pounds. If I consent to this proposition, because the person appears to me honest, and in a state to repay me, I count him out the sum. On receiving it, he gives me in exchange a paper, wherein he declares having borrowed of me two hundred pounds, for which he binds himself down to give me ten pounds yearly, and to return me the whole of my two hundred pounds at the end of five years. He puts his signature at the bottom of this paper, and this is what is called a note or bond. The sum that I lend him is called the principal, and the ten pounds which he gives me yearly, is called the rent or interest.

Adrian. It seems to me, papa, that this person does not get much by this bargain.

Mr.

Mr. Vernon. Why do you think so, my son? It is, undoubtedly, because he receives but two hundred pounds, and for that sum he gives me first ten pounds a year, and at the end of five years he is not the less obliged to return me the whole of my two hundred pounds.

Adrian. Yes, truly. Is not he duped on his part?

Mr. Vernon. Not so much as you would imagine. He, perhaps, gains more than me by it.

Adrian. And how is that, pray?

Mr. Vernon. It is that he borrows this two hundred pounds only to employ them in a way that brings him in every year more than the ten pounds which he gives me. If he buys, for example, for that sum, a piece of land that he finds lets for fifteen pounds, you see that he gains already five pounds; but if he puts his two hundred pounds into his trade or manufactories, he may easily get a great deal more. When his business goes on well, there is then no loss for him, but often, on the contrary, a very great profit in giving me ten pounds yearly for my two hundred pounds.

Adrian. But, papa, is it very honest to lend money to any one for gain?

Mr. Vernon. Why not, my son? We have seen the other day that money is the representative

tive mark of all value. The sum of two hundred pounds represents, then, a field which I should buy at that price ; and if I may honestly let a field that I purchase, may I not in the same way let, to speak so, that money with which I should have bought it.

Adrian. In reality, the one is as good as the other.

Mr. Vernon. When, therefore, a person desires me to lend him two hundred pounds which I could have used myself, it is just that he should pay me a yearly rent that would answer to that, the two hundred pounds would have brought me in, if I had employed them as he does ; otherwise I should be a fool to deprive myself, without any recompence, of a sum, that would have brought me a handsome revenue, to put it into the hands of another person, who would make a revenue of it for himself.

Adrian. O that is clear.

Mr. Vernon. I may, however, renounce gathering the fruits of money acquired by my labour, or saved through my economy, when the obliging of a friend is in question, or the assisting an unfortunate person who might be extricated from his difficulties by this means ; it would be then that I should reproach myself with receiving the interest of the money that I had lent them,

them, since I should have found that interest in the satisfaction that my heart proves in obliging them. But if a stranger borrows of me to enrich himself, is it not reasonable that he should give me a part of the gain that he makes with my money, in the place of the gain that I should have been able to have made myself if I had used it?

Adrian. Nothing is more just, papa; but are there not other ways of placing out his money?

Mr. Vernon. There is yet another way that I shall tell you of; but that you may be the better able to comprehend it, it is necessary to speak to you beforehand of another matter, on which it is of consequence that you should be instructed. You have often heard say, particularly of late, that Government are obliged to be at a great expence, and that all the inhabitants, to supply these expences, pay different taxes?

Adrian. Yes, papa.

Mr. Vernon. In a well-managed Government these taxes do not amount to more than the sum just necessary for the expences of the Administration, or only to something more, which they hold in reserve to supply unforeseen events.

Adrian. And pray what may these unforeseen events be?

Mr. Vernon. I shall confine myself to pointing
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ing out to you that of the present moment. The fear of a war, that we are obliged to make preparations for, not to be taken unawares.

Adrian. Yes, I comprehend.

Mr. Vernon. But when the war really happens, then government find they have occasion for more money than the taxes bring them in, and it is necessary to have very large sums at once. In such a circumstance it is not possible to levy new duties instantly; therefore government say to the people, "If you will lend us money to raise troops, arm ships, and supply all the necessaries of the war, then out of the new taxes, which it will be necessary to levy for the extraordinary expence that the war will occasion, we will pay you yearly five pounds for every sum of one hundred pounds that you will lend us; and that, till the new duties and our economy may have put us in a state to pay you the whole of the sum that you may lend us."

Adrian. Yes, yes, I understand it amazingly well. Government do then the same as the individual whom you told of, who borrows the money he wants, to make his affairs prosper.

Mr. Vernon. It is exactly the same thing. Government also, like this individual, give notes or bonds to him who lends his money. Thus for each sum of a hundred pounds that I lend
govern-

government, I receive a note, in which they declare having received of me the sum of one hundred pounds; and for that sum they will pay to me, or to such other person to whom I may make over my right, five pounds yearly interest, till they have returned the whole of the sum that I have lent them.

Adrian. One word, pray, by way of explanation, papa. You say they will pay these five pounds interest to such other persons to whom you may make over your right. I do not comprehend that clearly.

Mr. Vernon. I will explain it to you. With the government note that I have received for the sum I have lent, I can go every year to demand of the paymasters of the government rents, the sum of five pounds interest, for the year that has just expired; but I cannot demand back when I will the principal of the hundred pounds that I have lent, because government have not always money enough in cash to repay the sums which they have borrowed at the precise moment when the lenders would wish to have them returned. They must wait the term which they have agreed on.

Adrian. How very inconvenient that is, papa, not to be able to get our money back again when we are in want of it.

Mr.

Mr. Vernon. That is true, my son. But when we have lent money till a certain period of time, we must know that we shall not be repaid before that time.

Adrian. That does not hinder it however from being distressing, for one may die with hunger with one's bit of paper.

Mr. Vernon. Cheer up, my friend. Fortunately there is another way of getting back our money when we desire it, which comes to the same thing.

Adrian. Ah, so much the better. But what must be done in such a case?

Mr. Vernon. As soon as I have occasion for the hundred pounds that I have lent to government, I go to the first person who has money to place out; and I say to him, "Here is a bond, by which government acknowledge owing me the sum of a hundred pounds the principal, with five pounds yearly interest. If you will reimburse me my hundred pounds, and pay me the interest that is due up to this day, I will give you up my bond. By this means you will be able, at the end of each year, to go and receive in my place, of the paymaster of the rents, the five pounds annual interest; and when the time that government have taken to discharge the principal shall have arrived, it is to you they will

will repay it, since to you I transfer my right." This person accepts my proposition with pleasure, because he thus finds the means of getting the interest of the principal that was useless in his coffers; and if he comes to have occasion for his money, he will be able to do the same with another person that I have just done with him. Thus it is that the bonds pass from hand to hand, till the moment when government repay them.

Adrian. Nothing more convenient in reality, papa.

Mr. Vernon. Let us return now to our first subject. You comprehend, after all we have said, that he who has land, houses, and bonds, from which he draws an annual revenue, and who instead of expending all this resource, reserves a part of it to purchase yet other lands, houses, and bonds, must year after year become richer.

Adrian. That is clear.

Mr. Vernon. Thus his riches encrease, though he may not work with his hands to get money, though he may not establish manufactories, or be in trade; because the overplus of his revenue, after his expences are paid, increases his principal every year, and his principal in increasing augments each year his revenue.

Adrian.

Adrian. That is easily imagined.

Mr. Vernon. This man's riches increase still more, if he exercises his talents in quality of a counsellor, or a notary, or if there be some place for which he receives a salary; the more he gains by his functions, the more he saves in his revenues.

Adrian. And consequently the richer he grows. I am not astonished at there being people who possess so much wealth.

Mr. Vernon. That is true. There are others, on the contrary, who like better to spend all their income, and those neither become poorer nor richer, but their fortune always remains in the same state.

Adrian. Well.

Mr. Vernon. Others, lastly, expend more than their income, without getting any thing besides, to repair the breach that they then make every year in their principal. These, as you very well know, the farther they go the poorer they become; and they often finish by suffering want in their old age, after having enjoyed plenty in their early years.

Adrian. They are great fools, as it appears to me.

Mr. Vernon. Yes, certainly, my son, and they well deserve their fate; but their poor children,

children, how I pity them ! It would have been much better for them if they had been born in poverty.

Adrian. Pray, why so, papa ?

Mr. Vernon. When the parents die, they leave all the property they possess to their children, which is divided among them ; but when the parents have squandered away their property, they have nothing to leave to their children, who are then as poor as the parents were before their death. These children are therefore obliged to give themselves up to the most painful labour to get wherewithal to live ; and that is so much the harder, as they are not accustomed to it ; and instead of having learned any trade to get their living, they have, on the contrary, been brought up in idleness, while their parents enjoyed an easy fortune. You see then that these children are more unhappy from their past prosperity, than they would have been by being born in poverty ; because they would, at least, have learned betimes to lead a hard life, and to earn their bread.

Adrian. Yes, that is but too true, papa. But when the parents are rich, are the children rich also ?

Mr. Vernon. That does not always happen. If the parents have only one child, that child inherits

inherits their property, and that alone, is as rich as the father and mother were together. If there be two children, they divide the succession, and each of them is then as rich as the father and mother were separately; but if there be four, five, eight, or ten children, or even more, it is found, by dividing the property, that each of the children has but a fourth, fifth, eighth, tenth, or still less, of what their parents possessed together. Thus, it often happens, that the children of very rich parents, are not rich themselves, when the parents have not troubled themselves to encrease their riches in proportion to their family; for if the father and mother had together, five hundred pounds a year, and they have left ten children, each of the children has but fifty pounds income for a portion, which makes, as you see, a very great difference.

Adrian. And what do the children do then, papa?

Mr. Vernon. They endeavour each of them to settle themselves. One retires into the country, and lives on the produce of his lands. Another establishes a manufactory; this goes into trade; that enters into the law, or the military service; the rest, in a word, try to obtain employment. Thus, each of them endeavour to
get

get out of their difficulties, and sometimes they all become as rich as their parents were.

Adrian. They must have a great deal of trouble. It would have been much better for them, that each had been sufficiently at ease at first, not to be obliged to work.

Mr. Vernon. They would have perhaps gained by that arrangement much less than you think, my son. There are many men who from their youth, have had fortune enough not to have occasion to do any thing, and who are satisfied to live on the income from their houses, their lands, and their bonds. It appears at the first glance, that they must be the happiest people on earth; but when we view them nearer, we see exactly how it is with the rich, who have nothing to do; they find themselves, the most sickly, sad, and discontented beings in their situation.

Adrian. And why so, pray, papa?

Mr. Vernon. First, the idleness in which they live, makes them heavy and slothful. Then their custom of eating rich and delicate food, weakens their stomachs: lastly, as they have no fixed and necessary occupations, they know not, during the greatest part of the day, how to employ their time, and they see themselves de-

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voured

voared by irksomeness, which is perhaps the greatest of misfortunes.

Adrian. In this case I pity them.

Mr. Vernon. We see, on the contrary, that those who are forced by the smallness of their fortune to lead a simple and frugal life, generally enjoy a good state of health; that those occupied by daily labour are lively, joyful, never irksome, and the thought of being useful to themselves and others by their labours, gives them an inward satisfaction that the idle do not know, and of which they cannot even form an idea. You see by that, my son, to live happy it is not of so much consequence the being rich, as the knowing how to employ your time. It is an observation that I beg you will carefully remember to assure yourself of its truth in all the occurrences of your life.

Adrian. O, yes, papa, I promise you.

Mr. Vernon. There is another thing to remark on what we said just now:

Adrian. And what is that, pray?

Mr. Vernon. When there are many children in a family, it is quite natural to foresee that these children will be infinitely less rich than their parents.

Adrian. Yes, in reality, you have just clearly proved it to me.

Mr.

Mr. Vernon. The parents, if they be wise, ought therefore, then, carefully to forbear accustoming their children to lead as easy a life as they lead themselves. They ought, on the contrary, to habituate them to work and frugality; and the children, in whom we have taken care to inspire this reflection, will feel of themselves, that such an education is become necessary for them.

Adrian. O yes, undoubtedly. I am convinced of it, for my part.

Mr. Vernon. A frugal and laborious life is a misfortune to those only, who from their infancy have been brought up in idleness; but he who is accustomed betimes to labour and sobriety, knows how to find therein the sweetest pleasures; a moderate fortune fulfils his ambition, while to others it would appear but an indigent situation, which they would not have even the courage to try to get out of by prudent industry.

Adrian. O the cowards!

Mr. Vernon. You see, my friend, all depends on education, and that is the reason why parents can never watch with too much care over the ideas and habits which they see their children take, because to these first dispositions is generally attached the happiness or misery of the rest of their lives.

Adrian. O papa ! watch then over mine, I conjure you ; I resign myself entirely to your wife tenderness.

Mr. Vernon (embracing him.) Yes, my dear Adrian, I shall make it my duty and my pleasure ; I shall endeavour particularly to teach you early not to fear labour, and to be contented with the situation to which Providence destines you. If it be fortunate, the spirit of moderation which you will have contracted from your infancy, will defend you against the natural danger of abusing prosperity. If it be subject to some difficulties, you will have the patience and courage necessary to combat, and vanquish misfortune. The inspiration of an honest heart will always tell you which part you ought to take, and you will not fail being internally happy in whatever station you may find yourself.



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And Virtue glow'd within each infant breast ;
Warm'd by Truth's energetic voice divine,
Each heart dilated, and the work is thine ;
A new-born fervour animates each frame,
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And not the name alone ; for thou hast shewn
Where Virtue dwells not, Happiness unknown.

Yes, thou hast bid the tender osier bend ;
Yes, thou hast prov'd thyself, "*The Children's
Friend ;*"

The

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 The mother fondly clasps her daughter dear,
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